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FOR THE

FAITH



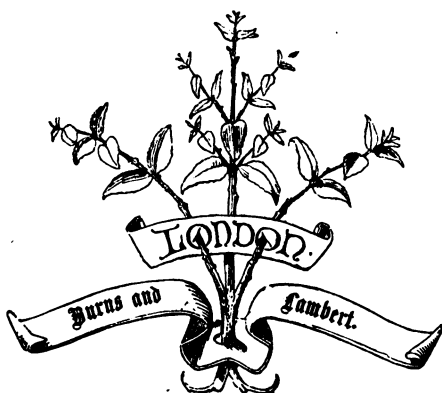
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SUFFERING FOR THE FAITH.

A SERIES OF

Narratives from History.



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MASSACRE OF THE CARMES.

GABRIEL DE NAILLAC.

MARGARET CLITHEROE.

GERONIMO OF ALGIERS.

CHINESE MARTYRS.

FATHER THOMAS.



SUFFERING FOR THE FAITH.

A Series of Narratives.



THE MARTYRS OF THE CARMES.

THE history of the Church of Christ scarcely exhibits more sublime pictures of Christian heroism than arose out of the French Revolution. With a devotion worthy of primitive times, the great body of the priesthood of France refused the constitutional oath, and at the risk of confiscation and death persevered in rejecting it. These brave ecclesiastics thus became the objects of the most violent persecution. In Paris the citizens were immediately engaged in a struggle with the crown, so that at first the priests suffered less there than in the provinces; but on the 10th of August 1792 the Tuileries was stormed; and this was the signal for a fiercer onslaught on the champions of religion than they had yet sustained. Robespierre and the other sanguinary leaders of the people were then at the zenith of their power; and a horrible scheme for the wholesale massacre of the recusant clergy was arranged. Some of the details of this awful catastrophe we now propose to relate, as illustrative of the grace and courage with which in every age and under all circumstances the Christian faith has inspired its martyrs.

On the night of the 10th of August lists of the pro-

scribed bishops and priests were sent to the different sections of Paris, with orders to arrest them at once, and commit them either to the convent of the Carmes or to the seminary of St. Firmin. The alleged ground for this illegal act was, that the clergy named had been seen with the Swiss guards of the palace firing upon the people. The accusation was false; but as the clergy of Paris had uniformly abstained from the slightest interference with political questions, it was necessary for their enemies to invent a charge in order to accomplish their ruin. The more to excite the fury of the populace, they caused a head to be carried through the streets on a pike as the head of the Abbé Rengard, curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; and the bearers were made to cry as they went, "So does the nation punish the refractory priests and traitors who dare to take part against her with the Swiss." Yet even this decree was based on a lie, for the Abbé Rengard was alive, and a month after, to the confusion of the authorities, applied for his passport.

The arrests began in the section of Luxembourg. Armed bands were sent into the parish of St. Sulpice to hunt out, as the people were told, the enemies of their country. With list in hand, these soldiers traversed the quarter and knocked at the priests' doors, and led their victims off in triumph amid the hootings of the people. Ecclesiastics the best known for their learning, piety, and zeal, nay even for their kindness to the poor, were the chief objects of their search. Such were the brothers De la Rochefoucauld, bishops of Beauvais and Saintes. Such also was the Abbé Sicard, who had devoted himself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb. But of all the nonjuring clergy none were more hateful to the republican authorities than the Archbishop of Arles, on account of his high rank, his unbounded influence, his great holiness, and his quiet but firm defence of his persecuted brethren. He had displayed throughout the troubles a prudence and a moderation which ought to have placed him beyond the reach of injury; for, opposed as he had been, like

all his colleagues, to the civil constitution, he had never been known to mount the tribune; and, after the closing of the Constituent Assembly, he had remained in Paris rather than give a pretext to fresh disturbances by his presence at Arles. But in an address to the king he entered a solemn protest against the law for the deportation of the clergy, and by this act of mercy he incurred the vengeance of the authorities. He was among the first to be arrested, and was imprisoned in the Carmes.

One hundred and twenty priests were confined with him, most of whom were arrested in the parish of St. Sulpice. No accommodation had been provided for the prisoners, nor had they any means of obtaining even the necessaries of life. Touched with their forlorn condition, a sectionary, who had been up to that point one of the most violent against them, gave orders to the guards to admit whatever might be brought for the use of the prisoners, provided all precautions were taken against the clandestine introduction of arms; and he even went himself to the neighbouring houses to solicit charity in their behalf. As soon as it became generally known to the faithful that they might offer to the necessities of the priests, comforts of every kind, beds, linen, and food, were liberally sent in. Arrangements were also made for their regular maintenance. One munificent lady, who would not allow her name to transpire, made herself responsible for the support of twenty priests so long as their confinement should continue. Alas! the call upon her charity was of short duration. The prisoners were also permitted to receive the visits of their friends at certain hours; and at the desire of the physician they had liberty to take exercise in the convent garden. Here they used to walk for an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening, either all together or in separate divisions, according to the caprice of their keepers. At the extremity of the garden was a little oratory, which in winter served for an orangery. There they used to pray before an image of the Blessed Virgin. Little thought they, as they

prayed, how soon that very spot was to be watered by their blood.

Their situation was not always equally grievous; for their guards were frequently changed. From the national guards they received nothing but kindness during their imprisonment, and in the subsequent massacre; but the federated Marseillais and Bretons considered it a sign of patriotism to abuse all ecclesiastics. In all their troubles, the presence of the three bishops was their chief consolation, who preserved in the heart of a prison a tranquillity of soul which sustained the courage of the weakest of their brethren. The Archbishop of Arles especially set the example of dignified patience and resignation. Though more than eighty years of age, and with daily increasing infirmities, he steadily refused to avail himself of his interest to secure his removal to his own dwelling. "No, no," he used to say, "I am too well off where I am, and in too good company." Indeed, so far from claiming any relief, he took advantage of his superior dignity to see that others were supplied with necessaries before himself: on the third night of his imprisonment he lay upon the floor, that the mattress reserved for his own use might be given to a prisoner who had just arrived. The highest in rank, he bore the largest share of the sufferings which the priests had to endure from an unbridled soldiery, and with such patience as excited the admiration of his brethren, and even disarmed the cruelty of the guards.

One day a gendarme sat down by his side, and began to invent all sorts of sarcasms and raileries, to move, if possible, the anger of the meek bishop. He spoke of the guillotine, congratulating him upon the worthy manner in which he would do the honours of the scaffold. Then he rose from his seat, made a low bow, and in a mocking tone called him Monseigneur, and by all the other titles which the Assembly had abolished. The prelate answered not a word. Then the man lit a pipe, and smoked it in his face: still he was silent; but as the smoke of the tobacco made him

ill, he changed his place. The man followed him from seat to seat, till at length the brutal pertinacity of the soldier yielded before the unconquerable patience of the archbishop, and he desisted out of very shame. His courage was equal to his patience. On one occasion, in the middle of the night, a priest started up at some noise, and woke the archbishop, exclaiming, "Monseigneur, the assassins are coming!" The prelate, perfectly collected, quietly answered, "Well, if the good God demands our lives, the sacrifice must be made." And with these words he calmly went to sleep again.

The other bishops contributed no less to support the courage of the generous band of confessors, especially the Bishop of Saintes, whose lively disposition suffered nothing from confinement. He received the new arrivals, which came in day after day, as if he had been in his own palace, and with a gaiety which made it difficult for them to believe that he was as much a prisoner as they were. The priests distinguished themselves also by their devotion to the new comers, especially two young curés, Fathers Auzurel and Fronteau.

The priests observed a religious silence in their prison, if prison it can be called, which was a church, rendered yet more august by the presence of so many confessors. But the guards polluted the holy precincts by the most scandalous language. It was indeed a grand spectacle; a vast number of priests habitually on their knees before the altar, rendering to God the worship of angels in the midst of the blasphemies of devils. But their prayers were often interrupted by alarms from without, and the prisoners lived in perpetual expectation of immediate death. One day they heard far off the cries of a large crowd and the reports of musketry. The tumult came nearer, and they could distinguish the popular airs of the Revolution, and the fatal *Ça ira*. From these cries and menaces they felt certain that their last hour was at hand. From all parts of the church they took refuge in the sanctuary, and upon their knees implored the protection of the Queen

of Martyrs, while they offered to God the sacrifice of their lives. They watched with anxiety the opening of the gates; but instead of murderers they saw enter; to their great astonishment, all the aged and infirm priests who had been placed in the house of St. Francis de Sales. These priests had no public duties to discharge, and were exempt from the oath; but they had the sacerdotal character, and that was sufficient ground for their incarceration. After them arrived the directors and professors of St. Sulpice with a number of their pupils. The prisoners could scarcely believe that violent hands had been laid on the old men of St. Francis's. "It would be impossible to describe," says the Abbé Pannonie, who was one of the first prisoners, "the shock we experienced at the sight of these reverend old men. Some of them could scarcely support themselves. The treatment they had received on their way was frightful. Decrepid as they were, they had been urged on to keep pace with their cruel conductors by blows from the butt ends of their muskets. As soon as we had recovered from our surprise, we hastened to give these new guests such assistance as lay in our power; and we were well repaid by the bright examples which those holy solitaries gave us. The serenity of their countenance, their patience and resignation, gave fresh strength to our own resolution. Many thanked God for having prolonged their lives so far that they could now offer them up for the faith." The number of the prisoners was further augmented by priests from several quarters of Paris; and by the Eudistes, many of whom had been arrested before; among others M. Hebert, their superior, and confessor to the king,—a priest greatly distinguished by his learning, zeal, and charity.

The legislative assembly, witness of these illegal and arbitrary arrests, claimed no obedience either for the laws or the rights of humanity. On the contrary, it proceeded with all despatch to dispose formally of the ecclesiastics, in defiance of all law. Its movements were not animated simply by personal animosity to the

priests as opponents of the Revolution, but as the mainstay of Christianity in the country. The only question that remained regarded the method to be pursued. The Jacobins already fully contemplated a general massacre of the clergy; but they durst not propose this horrible scheme till the other parties were prepared to concur in it. However, the insufficiency and inconvenience of any other plan was urged with great success. To banish 50,000 bad citizens into the neighbouring countries would be the worst possible policy; to transport them to a penal settlement would require at least 100 ships, and would be expensive; to imprison them in France would be no less costly, and would not effect the object in view, the extinction of Christianity. The result of these arguments was, that their extermination was tacitly consented to. But for the sake of appearances a very stringent law of deportation was passed. The whole Catholic priesthood were to leave their country within fifteen days. However, long before that period had elapsed, hundreds of priests were seized and thrown into the Carmes and elsewhere. Meanwhile, the steps of the authorities became more daring, and at length what had been tacitly arranged was openly decreed. The priests were to be murdered.

However, it was deemed expedient to keep the decree as yet a secret from the people, and its execution was deferred till some opportunity should occur of stirring up the popular mind to the necessary degree of fury. The victims themselves were also kept in ignorance of the doom which was in store for them, and were even buoyed up with delusive hopes of a speedy liberation.

On the 29th, Manuel, the procureur of the commune and a prime mover in the massacres, went to the Carmes to examine what room remained for fresh prisoners. Many priests approached him, and addressed him with confidence. He told them that the decree of the municipality relative to their deportation was concluded, and would be announced to them on the morrow.

"You will have," he said, "to evacuate the department in the space prescribed by law. You and we shall both gain by that. You will enjoy your religion in peace, we shall have no more occasion to fear you. For if we let you stay in France, you will be like Moses—you will be lifting up your hands to heaven while we fight." Some of the priests asked if it would be permitted them to take away their effects with them into exile. Manuel answered them, "Do not distress yourselves; you will always be richer than Christ, who had not where to lay His head." To the priests confined in La Mairie he said he had come "with words of peace and consolation; in thirty-six hours they should receive the details of the law of deportation, and twelve hours after they should be set free, after which they would have fifteen days to make ready for their journey; but that it would be necessary for each to show that he was a priest, for the advantage of leaving France at that moment was a favour which many would envy." Detestable hypocrisy! with these flattering words upon his tongue, he knew that he had himself joined in decreeing their massacre. Few of the priests, however, believed him; and their worst prognostications were confirmed, when two days afterwards commissaries were sent to the Carmes to ascertain that there were no arms concealed in the church. They visited the cots and every corner of the church, turned over the beds, removed what was on the altar, even the sacred symbol of our redemption; they found no arms, but they took away the very table-knives; but still, to buoy up the priests with the hope of deliverance, messengers were sent to them at night after they had retired to rest with fresh illusions; yet at that very moment their graves were being dug, for the massacre was arranged with all the coolness and regularity of an act of administration. Cut-throats were formally enrolled, and their salary fixed at a livre a-day; ten waggons were hired to carry away the corpses, pits were ordered to be dug, and overseers appointed for the work; not even

the water, vinegar, and brooms to remove the blood were forgotten, and lime was provided to hasten the decomposition of the corpses.

Meanwhile the conspirators were waiting for an opportunity of carrying their purpose into effect. Such an opportunity speedily offered itself. On the 1st of September intelligence was received at Paris that the Duke of Brunswick had laid siege to Verdun. The cry was at once raised that the priests were the betrayers of their country; and the danger was exaggerated by false reports to increase the general indignation. The citizens were summoned to take up arms against the Prussians; but it was openly said that their greatest enemies were at home. There was heard a rumour that a conspiracy had been discovered, by which the prisoners were all to be set loose by their accomplices. As soon as the patriots had left Paris, they were then to rush through the streets, take horrible vengeance upon the inhabitants, restore the king, and deliver Paris to the enemy. The people believed this absurd lie; a panic seized the city, groups of citizens formed in the corners of the streets, and whispers were heard, "We must not leave behind us alive one of our enemies to break out in our absence and massacre our wives and children."

This was the moment for which Danton and Marat and their party had waited. The prisoners at the Carmes were happily ignorant of what was passing outside. Saturday, the 1st of September, found them still hopeful, and was spent by them in the ordinary exercises of religion. Sunday dawned on the same security. However, the morning promenade was put off, and some of the prisoners remarked that they were more closely watched, and that their guards were changed sooner than usual. "Fear not, sirs," said one of the new guards; "if they come to attack you, we are strong enough for your defence." But at that very moment all was ready for the massacre. The assassins had been hired, and the porters of the prisons had

been warned ; the convent of the Carmes was now to present one of the most horrible scenes that the Revolution had produced, yet at the same time the most splendid that had ever glorified the Church of France. One knows not whether most to admire in their holy retreat the heroism of the martyrs or their generosity ; for each desired to die, and so save the life of another. There were confined the very flower of the French clergy. Besides the three prelates, the rest were vicars general, canons, directors, and professors of seminaries, superiors of religious communities, learned Jesuits, zealous missionaries, distinguished writers ; in a word, priests of the highest merit, who had remained to that moment invincible in their devotion to the faith. Nor were they shaken now that they anticipated their approaching fate. The horrible plot had got wind, and those who had friends or relations in the prisons ran trembling to the authorities, and besought their release, not always unsuccessfully. Robespierre saved the Abbé Berardier, principal of the college of Louis the Great, under whom he had himself studied. Even Marat and Danton saved some of the prisoners. The latter had promised a friend that he would set the Abbé Bousquet at liberty ; but he thought no more about him, and his forgetfulness cost the prisoner his life. But those who had no interest with the authorities could only visit their friends for the last time, wring their hands, and bid them farewell with tears. And thus the prisoners obtained a knowledge of the dreadful truth. Every moment removed their hope of deliverance. "The hasty movements of our guards," said the Abbé Bourthelet, "the shouts which reached our ear from the streets near, the report of the cannon, all confirmed our fears. But our confidence in God was perfect." At two o'clock a commissary came to call over their names, and they were sent into the garden. Some went up to the farthest extremity, where was an alley between an elm hedge and the wall of partition that divided the Carmes from the Benedictines of the Blessed

Sacrament; others took refuge in the little oratory, and said Vespers; so that the prisoners were in two parties.

They were upon their knees at prayer, offering to God the sacrifice of their life, and mutually giving each other absolution, when all at once the garden-gate was thrown open with a great noise, and seven or eight young men rushed in, each with a belt of pistols at his girdle, and brandishing a naked sabre over his head. The Archbishop of Arles was by the oratory, and the Abbé Pannonie said to him: "This time, Monseigneur, I believe they really are come to assassinate us." "Well, my dear friend," replied the archbishop, "if the moment for our sacrifice has arrived, let us submit; and let us thank God that we have to offer our lives to Him in such a noble cause."

The assassins rushed upon the prisoners with frightful cries. Some turned towards the oratory where the archbishop was, others to the alley. The first priest whom these latter met was Father Gerault, the director of the Ladies of St. Elizabeth. He was reciting his breviary, undisturbed by the cries of the assassins, when a blow with a sabre from one of them laid him upon his back, and he was despatched by others with pikes. He was the first of the martyrs at the Carmes. His breviary, pierced with a ball and stained with blood, was discovered on the spot at the restoration of the Carmes, and it is still preserved as a precious relic. The second martyr was the Abbé Salins, the same to whom Manuel had given the promise of a speedy deliverance. Several others were wounded; but in their eagerness to arrive at the bottom of the garden, they would not give themselves time to put them out of their agony.

The other assassins who had turned towards the oratory demanded the Archbishop of Arles with shouts of fury. When they came up to the group, they addressed the Abbé Pannonie, who was a few steps in front: "Art thou the Archbishop of Arles?" The abbé lowered his eyes without answering, hoping to

draw upon himself the blows which were designed for the archbishop. But the prelate advanced towards the assassins with these words: "Let us thank God for calling us to seal with our blood the faith that we profess; let us ask of Him the grace which we cannot obtain by our own merits—the grace of final perseverance." M. Hebert, the superior-general of the Eudistes, demanded a trial for himself and his brethren; but the assassins replied by a pistol-shot, which wounded him in the shoulder. Then they shouted again, "The Archbishop of Arles!" The venerable prelate, crossing his hands upon his breast and raising his eyes towards heaven, with great dignity approached those who called him. The priests surrounded him, to hold him back, and to conceal him. "Let me pass," he said; "if my blood will appease them, what does it matter if I die?" Then to the ruffians, like our Saviour on a like occasion, he said, "I am he whom you seek." "Ah, wretch, then! art thou then the Archbishop of Arles?" "Yes, I am he." "Thou art he that shed the blood of so many patriots at Arles." "I have never shed any blood," he replied; "I never injured any one." A blow with his sabre upon the archbishop's forehead was the assassin's only rejoinder. The meek old man uttered no complaint; and almost at the same instant his head was struck from behind with another blow from a sabre, which laid open his skull. He raised his right hand to cover his eyes, and the same instant he received a third blow, and then a fourth, and he sank into a sitting posture, supporting himself by one arm; a fifth stretched him senseless on the ground. A pike was driven into his breast with so great violence that the iron could not be drawn out again; and the body of the holy prelate was trampled under the feet of the assassins. After having slain the archbishop, they turned themselves against the group of priests who crowded round the scene of martyrdom, and now remained immovable with admiration at the manner in which the holy prelate met his death. Some of them were slain, others

wounded; the rest, under an instinct of self-preservation, dispersed themselves over the garden. Some of the youngest rushed forward and scaled the wall, in the hope of saving themselves by the Rue du Cherche-Midi; others climbed up into the trees or hid themselves under the hedges; a great number took refuge in the oratory, where they joined their brethren, who were already there at prayer. The assassins hunted them down, firing as they ran, and singing and laughing heartily when the shots took effect on any of the fugitives.

The priests, at first surprised, soon recovered their courage and tranquillity. They offered their breasts, and fell upon their knees to seek pardon, not of their murderers, but of God. Some of those who had crossed the wall returned, lest their flight should make the assassins more furious against their brethren. They were thus besieged in the oratory, and the assassins fired their muskets and pistols upon them through the railings with which the place was enclosed. Crowded together into a very narrow space, the victims fell one upon the other, but no complaint was uttered by any one. The Bishop of Beauvais when upon his knees received a ball in his leg which broke his thigh, and was supposed to be killed. Those who were not wounded were covered with the blood of their dying brethren, and the pavement was running with gore. The stains yet remain; we need not say how religiously they are preserved: it is the blood of martyrs, and who can look upon it without the deepest emotion?

The garden and the chapel were now strewn with corpses; a great number of priests had perished in that frightful chase, and the assassins were running hither and thither after their victims. At length there arrived a commissary with fresh assassins, who stayed the murdering with these words: "Stop, stop! it is not so that you must set to work; the vengeance of the people is just, but the innocent must be spared!" Upon this the commandant of the porte, who had remained at the other extremity of the garden, ordered the priests back

into the church. They betook themselves into the sanctuary, and near the altar they confessed each other, said the prayers for the dying, and commended themselves to the infinite mercy of God. Shortly afterwards the assassins arrived to seize them and drag them away, notwithstanding the representations of the commandant, who reminded them that the priests had not been judged. Again they replied that they were all guilty, and must perish. But they were in the nave, and separated from their victims by an iron grille; and though they tried twenty times to force the barrier, they were unable to break it down. In the midst of the uproar, the Bishop of Beauvais was brought in from the oratory in the arms of his murderers. There was a dead silence as they laid him on a mattress in the nave. Till then the Bishop of Saintes had been ignorant of his brother's fate. On entering the sanctuary, he had eagerly inquired after him, and now the Abbé Bardet pointed out to him the spot where his brother was placed. He instantly ran to embrace him, but he was not allowed to remain by his side.

While these things were going on in the church, a party of assassins were searching for such of the priests as had taken alarm at first and escaped from the garden. However, they did not discover all. Some were hidden in the rafters of the roof; and one, M. de Keravenant, curé of St. Germain de Pres, in the bell-tower. In the garden also partial massacres were still going on. One touching scene is recorded by the Abbé Pannonie. The Abbé Dutillet, with some of his brethren, being shut in by a wall, remained firm, and offered his breast to the assassins. A Marseillais in jest raised his piece three times to take aim, without firing. "An invulnerable priest!" said the Marseillais; "I shall not try a fourth time." "You are too tender-hearted," said another; "I will kill him." "No," said the Marseillais, "I take him under my protection; he has all the appearance of an honest man." And so saying, the republican assassin covered the priest with

his own body. 'It was on account of the abbé's Marseillais accent. The good abbé having thus found favour with his townsman, interceded for the lives of his brethren who were close by, and was on the point of gaining his request, when two of them stepped forward, and said: "We ask for no mercy; if our brethren are guilty, so are we; their religion is ours, and like them we are ready to die for it." "Let them die for it by all means," replied the assassins, and at once put them to death. The Abbé Dutillet then repaired to the church, and was about to be murdered in his turn, when the same Marseillais recognised him, and saved his life a second time.

The assassins then all met in the church, where they were separated from their victims by the grille. Thirsting for their blood, they were maddened by the sight of the priests kneeling before the altar, and praying for their very murderers: they shouted to them to rise; the priests obeyed; and then, like wild boars whetting their tusks, they began to get ready their weapons for the slaughter. The commissary urged upon them the indecency of shedding blood in the holy place, and their chiefs promised them a prompt judgment; but they could with difficulty be appeased. But presently the commissary, by means of a table, contrived a sort of tribunal near the corridor, leading from the left of the high altar by a flight of steps to the double staircase. At the top were posted the assassins who were to consummate the holocaust. The priests, summoned two and two, came before the terrible tribunal to be asked simply whether they still adhered to their refusal to take the oath. At the answer in the affirmative,—and without a single exception the whole glorious band of martyrs remained constant to the last,—they were conducted through a doorway, of which the steps exist to this day. Here the two martyrs descended, and fell under the pikes and poignards of the first assassins. They were then passed on to other murderers below, by whom they were despatched; and then the cry was raised,

"Vive la Nation!" and fresh victims were summoned from the church.

Those who were still in the church kneeling before the altar heard the death-cries with unshaken courage, and marked their numbers thinning, each with the certain knowledge that his own name would be called sooner or later; yet not one of them wavered. When their turn came, the priests who were summoned to die rose with transports of joy, as if invited by angels to the marriage-supper of the Lamb, or with the calmness of a soul assured of a speedy embrace in the bosom of Jesus. One disdaining to break off the course of his prayers, went with his eyes fastened on his office-book, and met his death-blow breathing out the praises of God. Some with a noble and majestic bearing cast on their executioners an eye of sorrowful pity, and the moment they were called hastened to secure their crown. Others lingered to take one last glance at the crucifix, and went their way praying with the Crucified, "Forgive them; they know not what they are doing." The Bishop of Saintes, when his name was called, kissed the altar for the last time, and passed through the door as calmly as if he had been engaged in the ceremonies of his cathedral. He was followed in perfect composure by Hebert, the general of the Eudistes, who had been already wounded by the side of the Archbishop of Arles. The younger priests were not less intrepid. When the Bishop of Beauvais heard his own name called, he was lying on his mattress in one of his chapels in the nave. "I am perfectly willing to go to die," he said, "with my brethren; but my thigh is broken, and I cannot support myself: help me to walk." What heart would not have been melted by these words? But the savages raised him by his arms and dragged him along to the place of slaughter, and murdered him with their pikes. He was almost the last. There were a few more priests to seal their faith by their blood, and then this awful massacre ceased for lack of victims.

Such was the spectacle which the Carmes presented

for nearly three hours. How dreadful, and yet how glorious! More than two hundred priests had died for the faith with all the courage, calmness, and constancy of the primitive martyrs. The world understood it not, for there was no sign of fanatic enthusiasm in their noble contempt of death.

"I am confounded," said the commissary; "I am lost in amazement. These priests went forth to death with all the joy, all the eagerness of a bridegroom to the marriage-chamber."

The Catholic understands it well: with the history of eighteen centuries in his mind, he is at no loss to account for the heroism of confessors.

After the massacre the doors of the church were thrown open, that the people might enter and give a popular sanction to the atrocities of the commune. Many rushed in to pillage the bodies of the slain. The executioners then established in the church a drinking-stall and a dancing saloon, and celebrated their crime with drunken orgies. In the midst of their revellings one of the mattresses which the prisoners had used was seen to move. They lifted it up, and found the Abbé Dubray concealed beneath. Almost stifled by his covering, he had raised it a little to breathe, and the action cost him his life. They dragged him out and slaughtered him before the altar. This was the only blood shed within that sacred spot.

Some of them were voluntary martyrs. M. Galais, superior of the little community of St. Sulpice, had climbed a tree, from which he was about to escape from the garden, when he saw the Abbé Bardet and the Bishop of Saintes pass beneath on their way to the church. Blushing at having thought of separating himself from the company of martyrs, he descended, followed them into the church, and when he left it to be murdered, counted himself happy to have obeyed the inspiration which had conducted him to martyrdom. Another volunteer was M. de Valfons, an old officer of the regiment of Champagne, the only layman in the

Carmes at the time of the massacre. He was devotedly attached to his director, the Abbé Guillemenet, and when that venerable priest was arrested he followed him into captivity. He assisted during their confinement in all the exercises of the priests, and edified them all by his eminent piety. Often he was told that he might escape, but he preferred captivity. He was in the garden when the massacre commenced, and followed the priests into the church. When his director's name was called, he rose joyfully to accompany him to death, the abbé reading his breviary, and M. de Valfons the holy Scriptures, and they received their crown together. The Bishop of Saintes might have escaped if he would have left his brother.

In different ways many priests escaped: some by the interest of their friends; some by concealing themselves in and about the convent; some were protected by individuals among the assassins themselves, and some by the national guards. Several made their way out of the garden; but some of them afterwards returned to join their brethren, and suffered with them. Fourteen, however, escaped; among them, M. Vialar, the private secretary of the Archbishop of Alby. The details of his escape are recorded. When the assassins entered the garden, he was at the bottom near the wall. After kneeling down with all his brethren to offer to God the sacrifice of his life, if it should be required of him, he rose, and judging the wall to be not insurmountable, he began to scale it. The Bishop of Saintes was passing at the time, and he invited him to follow. The prelate, however, simply answered, shaking his head, "My brother!" and M. Vialar, knowing that he would never forsake his brother, scaled the wall alone. He then found himself in a kind of court-yard belonging to the hôtel opposite. In the yard was a small nook under the oratory in the Carmes, from which he could distinctly hear the groans of the dying priests and the execrations of their murderers. Frightfully agitated, he wandered up and down the court, not knowing where

to go next. The wall on the hôtel side was higher than the convent-wall, but half-way up was a projection, which he caught, and so reached the summit. From this point he succeeded in effecting an entrance into the house over a grated doorway, when he found himself in the upper story, and there, overcome with fatigue, he fell asleep. Fortunately the house was uninhabited, and he slept on undisturbed till nightfall. Hearing voices at the coach-gate, he went downstairs, and met a woman, to whom he related his adventure. By that time the massacre had been accomplished, and the woman gladly let him out, and he escaped into a hiding-place in the city, at a distance from his old residence. He remained there two months, when perceiving the persecution to be on the increase, he fled towards Senlis. On his way he met the Abbé de Rochemure, who had been his companion in prison, and whom he thought dead,—indeed the name had appeared in the official list of the massacred. Not being secure at Senlis, M. Vialar returned to Paris, and attempted to procure a passport; but failing in that endeavour, he disguised himself as a *colporteur*, and, with a knapsack upon his back, traversed France and Switzerland, and at length arrived at Rome. Afterwards he became chaplain to the Neapolitan ambassador at St. Petersburg. From the narration of his escape we obtain a glimpse of the unrelenting animosity with which the Catholic priests of France were hunted down.

The Abbé Saurin was saved, like the Abbé Dutillet, by his Marseillais accent. He was quietly waiting his hour to be massacred in a chapel of the church of the Carmes, when one of the assassins passed by speaking with the Provençal accent. The abbé approached him, saying,

“My friend, you are of Provence!”

“Yes,” he replied, “of Marseilles.”

“I am of the same town,” said the abbé.

“What is your name?”

“Saurin.”

"Oh, your brother is nearly related to me."

"Well, then, if we are bound by family ties, you ought to save me; for my only crime is that I am a priest."

The Marseillais instantly turned to his comrades and said,

"Citizens, this man is my relation, and as such he must not perish by the sword of the law."

"Bah!" they replied, "he is as guilty as the rest, and must perish like them."

"No, no," said the Marseillais; "and if I say no, I have a right to say it. Was I not at the taking of the Bastille? was I not at Versailles on the 5th and 6th October? and again at the Tuilleries on the 21st June? and at this last affair on the 10th August? See," he added, uncovering his breast, "see the wounds I have received."

The Abbé Saurin declares that there was not a scratch to be seen; but the stratagem succeeded, and the priest was handed over to his countryman. However, this act of mercy was not so purely generous as it seemed. When they got into the street, the Marseillais made him give up his new redingote, and take in exchange his old habit of the national guard. He then demanded some money in return for his services. The abbé gave him an assignat of two hundred livres,* and they separated. This priest afterwards succeeded in reaching Rome.

The Abbé Pannonie, whose generous attempt to save the Archbishop of Arles has already been mentioned, was saved, but by a miracle. After having escaped the massacre in the garden, he returned to the church with his brethren, and had made up his mind to die. Indeed, he was on his way, when one of the national guard approached, and said, "Save yourself, my friend!—save yourself!" Thinking it his duty to

* Many of the priests had money upon their persons when they were slain, which had been given them by friends to defray the expense of their journey in the event of their deportation.

avail himself of the means of escape, he gained the corridor leading to the cloister. However, he was immediately pursued by the assassins with fixed bayonets, from which he received nine wounds, and it is wonderful that he was not killed on the spot; but in the narrowness of the place the soldiers could not use their weapons. At length he ran towards a part of the garden called the *Parc-aux-Cerfs*, where he encountered another national guard, who tried to rescue him from his assassins, persuading them that he had been judged and acquitted. But the commandant of the Marseillais ordered him to be put into a doorway till he should be judged again. There the abbé remained, bleeding profusely from his wounds, under the guard of his faithful friend.

"Have you any hope of saving me?" he said to the soldier.

"If I had not, could I endure such a spectacle?"

He had upon him assignats to the value of several hundred livres, but the good soldier absolutely refused them.

"I shall be well paid if I can save your life," he said.

They waited till the massacre was over and the people were admitted.

"Now," he said, "mix with the crowd. They will be too eager to pillage the dead to think of you."

Trusting to Providence, he did so, and escaped into the street. After twenty minutes' walk, he reached a lady's house, by whom he was taken in and concealed. But how he escaped observation it is impossible to explain; for, wounded and bleeding as he was, he encountered numbers of persons talking about the massacre,—some applauding, others lamenting it; and it was not yet dark. Eventually he reached London. On landing in England he received great kindness from an English clergyman of the name of Strickland, who gave him a new suit of clothes, and kept the old ones, slashed with the bayonets and bloody, as a relic.

Even those whom the commissary had saved, or

whom certain generous citizens had claimed, were removed with great difficulty; for in passing through the streets they scarcely escaped being torn to pieces by the mob of furious women. And on their arrival at the church of St. Sulpice, where the Committee of the Section held its sittings, they had to undergo another examination. At midnight they were remanded into the hall of the Seminary; while they were there, one of the cut-throats came in complaining that they had been promised three livres for their labours, and had only received one. The commissary replied that there were still two days' work at the other prisons, which would make up the three livres; besides, there were the clothes of the victims. The assassin said, that not knowing they were to have the clothes, they had spoiled them with sabre-cuts. The next morning, the prisoners were again examined; and at length it was ordered that they should be set at liberty. However, their perils were not yet over: assassins were in waiting to murder them as soon as they left the church. But a sufficient body of the national guard conducted them to the Community of Priests at St. Sulpice, and there inquiring their different residences, separated into as many smaller parties, one of which escorted each prisoner to his home, with a recommendation to him not to show himself abroad for several days.

The massacres were not confined to the Carmes. Wherever priests were confined, there they were murdered,—at the Abbaye, at La Force, at St. Firmin,—and they displayed every where the same devoted courage. As soon as the massacre at the Carmes had ceased, Maillard, the delegate of the commune, was heard to cry, "There is nothing more to do here; away to the Abbaye, there we shall find game!" Covered with gore and dust, fatigued with carnage, sated but not satiated with blood, he and a party of his assassins flung themselves into the committee-room, crying, "Wine! wine! or death!" The members of the committee gave them wine, and they drank until they

were intoxicated. Then they went to the Abbaye, and regarded with savage delight the corpses which lay strewn about in the street; for the massacre had already been going on. Twenty-four priests had been moved, in six coaches, from the prison of La Mairie to the Abbaye; on their road, their guards themselves incited the populace to attack them; and they traversed the streets amid the cries of the rabble. The accusation against the priests of having betrayed their country at Verdun had been industriously circulated; but not content with that, the committee announced, by firing of cannon, the actual capture of the place. The announcement was a fabrication, Verdun was not actually taken for some days; but the reports of the guns served a double purpose,—at once to raise the fury of the people, and give a signal to the assassins when to commence the massacre. The slaughter was to begin at the third report, and the cortège arrived at the Abbaye gate as the fatal sound was heard. As the priests stepped out of the carriages, they were, with one exception, slaughtered; and their corpses still lay where they had fallen when Maillard and his assassins arrived drunk from the committee. Moreover, other assassins had assembled at the little gate of the Abbaye (for those who had murdered the twenty-four priests in the street had gone straightway to the Carmes), and yelling for victims, had threatened to burst into the prison. To put them off, and save the mass of the prisoners, the concierge had thrown them one at a time to murder,—as a traveller, with his wife and children attacked by wolves, had been known to throw out first one child and then another to the famished beasts, in the hopes of saving the lives of the rest. These partial executions were still going on when Maillard arrived. He brought with him a despatch from the commune commanding all the prisoners to be judged except one, the Abbé Lenfant, who was to be kept in a safe place. Fearing lest the abbé should have been already murdered, an assassin was sent round with a damp sponge to wash

the bloody countenances of the slain, in order to ascertain the fact. The abbé was not among the dead.

Maillard then established a tribunal as at the Carmes. In order to avoid bloodshed in the interior, it was arranged that the death-warrant should be "To La Force!" The unhappy prisoner hearing these words thought himself acquitted, or at least remanded, and left the tribunal comforted, only to be massacred as soon as he reached the street. By a concerted arrangement at La Force, the verdict of condemnation was "To the Abbaye!" By this outrage upon the feelings of humanity sixty priests were slain either in the street or in the Abbaye court. The Abbé Sicard gives a touching account of the whole scene. He had been one of the twenty-four priests brought from La Mairie, and he had been saved by his own presence of mind in declaring his name to the people. Every one knew the Abbé Sicard as the great friend of the poor deaf and dumb, and for a wonder he was spared, but still confined in the Abbaye; and he saw sixty of his brethren massacred before his eyes. "What a night," he exclaims, "I passed in that prison! The massacre took place under my window. The shrieks of the victims, the blows of the sword which fell on their innocent heads, the execrations of the murderers, the applause of the witnesses of the horrible spectacle, made my blood curdle to the heart. . . . I heard the questions which were put to the priests, and their answers. It was demanded of them whether they had taken the civic oath. By an untruth they might all have escaped death; but they preferred to die; and as they died they said, 'We submit to your laws, we die faithful to your constitution; we only except what regards religion and affects our conscience!' They were instantly pierced with a thousand wounds, in the midst of the most frightful vociferations. Clapping their hands, the spectators cried 'Vive la Nation!' and then the savages danced their abominable dances round each corpse. . . . Then there was a long pause, and the assassins

commenced a carouse. But between three and four in the morning the same murderous cries were raised again. Two more priests had been discovered hidden, and they were being dragged on to death. They entreated a few hours to confess themselves to each other, and the assassins granted it; not, however, out of any mercy, but because they had no more priests, as they thought, to massacre the next day for the amusement of the people. They were accordingly locked up again; and at length, wearied with slaughter and drunk with wine, after a disgusting repast spread for them in the midst of blood and corpses, the assassins took a few hours' sleep. But the following morning at ten o'clock the terrible tribunal commenced its sitting again. The coolness with which arrangements were made for further butcheries is perfectly appalling. As the previous victims had been too soon despatched, and all the assassins had not had the pleasure of aiming a blow at every victim, it was resolved that in future only the back of the sabre should be employed, and the assassins were to stand in double rows, and the victims passed up the middle, so that each might have the opportunity of striking in his turn. The first who were slain in this new fashion were the two priests who had been remanded. Meanwhile others had been discovered, among them the Father Rastignac; they too perished immediately; and the whole of that day was spent in searching out more priests, and massacring them in the same place. The number who perished thus is not known."

The reader will be curious to know what became of the Abbé Lenfant. He was brother to one of the members of the committee, who had interposed to save him; and at the Abbaye he was confined till the 5th, when he was released. But his brother's precautions were too carelessly taken to ensure his safety. On his way through the streets a woman cried, "There is the confessor of the king;" and he was seized and brought back again to the Abbaye. He raised his hands to-

wards heaven, and said, "My God, I thank Thee that I can offer Thee my life, as Thou offeredst Thine for me." They were the last words he ever spoke; and so on his knees, at the door of a house opposite the Abbaye, he received the fatal blow.

At St. Firmin the massacre commenced after the massacre at the Carmes had ceased. In this prison had been confined many of the priests who were arrested on the 11th and following days of August; and with them were a number of the lay brothers of the Lazarites, and an old captain named Villette, who for the last six years had lived withdrawn from the world in that house. A member of the assembly proposed that these laymen should be excepted from the massacre of the ecclesiastics; but the motion was negatived. The General Assembly decreed that the laymen who had made common cause with the refractory priests must share their fate.

The conduct of this massacre was committed to a man named Heriot, who afterwards perished with Robespierre. It appears that he had intended to follow the plan adopted at the Abbaye, of causing the prisoners to be slaughtered in the street; but the inhabitants of the quarter protested against being made the witnesses of so horrible a sight, and the victims were ordered up again into their chambers. Here the butchery was conducted without any pretence of justice or semblance of decency. All night long, with sabres and bayonets, the murderers were engaged in a general slaughter of priests and religious laymen. Some were thrown from the upper windows to be dashed upon the pavement below, and then torn to pieces by the women, or rather the furies, who were gathered together in the street. In this way perished the Abbé Copeine, who was dying in bed when he was taken out to be hurled from the top story. So also perished the Abbé Gros, curé of the parish, whose body was dragged in the gutter, and his head carried about on a pike. On opening his will, it was discovered to have bequeathed

all his property to the poor of the very quarter which had thus savagely abused his remains! Ninety-two priests were martyred in the Seminary of St. Firmin.

In the prison of La Force were confined twelve priests, of whom two were saved. The other ten were massacred with the same heathen inhumanity. Nor are these by any means all who lost their lives at this terrible period. The number of victims in the cause of religion is not known. In the various massacres which we have enumerated, more than 400 priests were martyred. At the Carmes 200, at St. Firmin 92, at the Abbaye 86, at La Force 10; and in the isolated murders, which were going on for five days all over the city, not a few.

And for what did these glorious confessors suffer? Not as many other victims of that bloody committee, for any pretended political crimes, but in defence of the faith. They were true martyrs. They died not as Royalists, but as Christians. They died to maintain entire the religion of Jesus Christ, when all the powers of hell were banded against it; and not a drop of their blood fell fruitless to the ground. At no less cost could the integrity of the faith have been vindicated in France; for who can say what might have followed, if the clergy had consented to take the revolutionary oaths? The men who, in the hour of trial, fell away, would scarcely have had the courage to retrace their steps. In more peaceful times they would probably have set up some Gallican establishment on Erastian principles, and the whole country might have been permanently cut off, like other nations of Europe, from Catholic unity; but they were faithful unto blood, and now are seen the fruits of their great courage. To the admiration of all Christendom, the Church is rising again as a giant refreshed. The flood of infidelity is fast receding, and throughout the empire souls are flocking into the true fold. There are not wanting many cheering proofs of this happy

change, of which the convent of the Carmes itself presents an instance in point.

On the Feast of Corpus Christi, 1854, the very garden which sixty years before had echoed with the groans of dying priests, rang with the voices of other priests singing the praises of God in the celebration of the *Fête Dieu*. Through the alleys, and beneath the trees, and by the oratory, and down the staircase, all hallowed by the steps and the blood of martyrs, wound the solemn procession in honour of the highest mystery of the faith for which they died. What more convincing proof could the infidel expect of the vanity of his own philosophy, and the inherent vitality and indestructibility of the Church of Christ? After his most daring effort, here, in the very scene of his triumph, his philosophy has passed away, and the Church performs the ancient rites of her ancient faith with all their ancient splendour.

The procession took place under the joint direction of the Dominican fathers and the principal of the "Ecole des Hautes Etudes," who share the use of the garden between them. In front marched a numerous body of old *militaire*, followed by young men, representatives of the first families in France. After them came many religious in the old habits of those long-tried orders that have at once built up and adorned the Church of God. Besides the Dominican fathers, there were the Fathers of the Oratory, the Marists, the Capuchins, the Brothers of St. John of God, and the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine. Then followed a numerous body of the clergy, and twenty priests in chasubles, before the Most Holy, borne beneath a splendid canopy by the curé of St. Sulpice. A multitude of men of every rank—for women were not admitted—many of them distinguished persons, brought up the rear: the music of the 33d regiment of the line alternating with the chorus of the "Ecole des Hautes Etudes." It is easy to conceive the impression which such a spectacle in such a spot must have produced on all that witnessed it.

Little children were strewing flowers before the Lamb of Peace, along the paths through which the assassins rushed, and under the trees, where now Our Saviour was borne in triumph by His priests. There was not a spot of which it could not be said, "There happier priests died for the same Saviour." The Dominicans established their altar by the side of the staircase where the massacre was completed. The altar of the Seminary was dressed at the foot of the yew-tree by which the heroic Archbishop of Arles was martyred. The Oratory, where so many priests were slain, and whose blood is still to be seen, is now the "Chapel of Martyrs;" and there was given, by the curé of St. Sulpice, the final Benediction to the assembled faithful.

But in a more permanent way the ancient convent of the Carmes bears witness to the struggles and the progress of the Church. It is now the "Ecole des Hautes Etudes," a seminary established by the late Archbishop of Paris, to counteract the pernicious effects upon religion and morality of the government system of education.

By the exclusion of all religious teaching from the universities of France, infidelity was being propagated in the most dangerous form,—in connection, that is to say, with the progress of science. For, on account of their high literary attainments, men who had taken university degrees were selected to fill all the great chairs, and preside over the chief seminaries in France; and thus they monopolised the whole training of the rising generation. Mgr. Affre pointed out to Louis Philippe the baneful results which must necessarily follow from this system, but without effect. The King of the French refused to modify his policy, and the archbishop determined to provide the religious element that was wanting from an independent source. In conjunction with his episcopal brethren, he established in the Carmes a preparatory seminary for the universities, called the "Ecole des Hautes Etudes;" in which, as its name implies, the pupils should be instructed in the

highest branches of literature, and thus be fitted to take the highest university honours, at the same time that they were trained for the service of the Church, for all are destined to be priests so soon as they have taken their degrees. In this way a body of professors has been provided for the different dioceses, equal to any in point of learning and ability, and superior to all in point of religion; under whom the Church seminaries are more than on a par with those of the government. The result exceeds the best wishes of the original promoters of the undertaking. The Church is gaining ground rapidly on the adversary, where before she lost it. Under the government professor, the pupil became, indeed, a good scholar and an accomplished gentleman, but he also grew up an antagonist of the Church and a scoffer at religion. Under the diocesan professor, before the institution of the seminary of the Carmes, he was trained in the faith and in morals, but he was unable to cope with the other in literary acquirements. The "Ecole des Hautes Etudes" has raised the secular education of the diocesan seminary to a level with its government rival; and in consequence of the high religious character, has surpassed it in favour with the people.

If the blood of martyrs be the seed of the Church, happy indeed was the selection of the Archbishop of Paris when he founded his seminary in the Carmes; and doubtless the success of his institution is due in a great measure to the merits and intercessions of those heroic men whose sufferings we have thus so briefly recorded. Founded by a martyr on a spot consecrated by the blood of martyrs, the school must needs carry with it the blessing of God. And the ancient convent of the Carmes at once awakens hopes for the future of the rising Church, and glorious reminiscences of the Church that has passed away.

VIII.

GABRIEL DE NAILLAC.



GABRIEL PIERRE REBIERE, Seigneur de Naillac, was born of a noble family at the château of Cessac, in the province of La Marche, in 1760. His father, who was of advanced age at his birth, took pains to impress religious sentiments on his mind; but, unfortunately, the taint of an erroneous teaching awaited him in the bosom of his own family. He lost his mother at an early age, and his father was greatly influenced by a brother of his own; a man of acuteness and learning, but who was infected by the then prevailing errors of Jansenism. He had been, indeed, a leader of the sect; but in consequence of the measures adopted for its suppression, had withdrawn himself to Utrecht, not, however, before he had made the château of Cessac a rendezvous for his co-religionists. The worthy seigneur entertained them with the reverence he considered due to persecuted piety, and allowed them to avail themselves of his name and influence to spread their opinions. His son, as might have been expected, imbibed the same views; and they became for a time firmly rooted in his mind, only to be eradicated, as they eventually were, by the gift of divine grace, co-operated with by deep and patient study of orthodox theology.

After passing through a course of study at the college of Tournon, he was removed to that of Pont-le-Voi, in Touraine. Here, at his father's desire, he relinquished awhile literature and mathematics for the acquirement of the polite accomplishments deemed essential to his rank. In these he soon excelled. Then

he entered on philosophy, and devoted two years to its study ; but, unhappily, Pont-le-Voi was under the protection of the philosophic and unbelieving Duke de Choiseul, who had founded it on the ruins of a religious house, whose property he had secularised for that purpose. Here De Naillac had the misfortune to form an intimacy with one of the free-thinking abbés of that day—a witty and clever, but unprincipled and superficial character, ever ready with an insidious thrust at religion and morality. Under this and the like influences, it was little wonder if our young student of philosophy soon came, not perhaps openly to renounce his religion, but to fall in with the current sentiments of the time, to regard faith as obsolete, and philosophy—that is to say, infidelity—as the test of genius, and the path to honour and virtue.

Now, at his father's wish, he was sent “to see the world ;” to be introduced to the society of the metropolis, with a view to his establishment in life. He soon fixed his affections on a young lady of family and fortune, Mademoiselle de Neuville by name ; he was accepted by her parents, and their union took place. At his wife's especial desire, they fixed their residence in Paris. She loved society, and was well qualified to shine in it. He also could claim a good position by his rank and mental acquirements. Their circle included many of the celebrated characters of the day ; and they lived in the full enjoyment of all the refined pleasures that affluence, combined with the cultivation of intellect, can procure.

He was now the world's favourite ; but God was gradually leading and preparing him, in his own good time, to be a witness to the faith, a model of penance, and a succour to the afflicted.

A son and heir was born to him, and then three daughters in succession ; but his first-born, after exhibiting an unusual degree of precocity, fell a victim to the stroke of fatal disease,—an agonising blow to the father, who had fixed all his hopes on the boy. The era of the Revolution approached. De Naillac was a

patriot. The acknowledged abuses, the vacillation of the government, and the democratic leanings of some in high places, had disposed him at first to favour the movement. At the assembly of the noblesse of his own province, La Marche, he espoused the popular side. But as reform grew to revolution, and revolution to rebellion and disloyalty, he became its determined opponent, and resolved on defending to the last the ancient monarchy of France. He remained alike unmoved by the menaces of the anarchists, and allurements of the demagogues in power, while he lent his ready co-operation to every measure for ameliorating the condition of the masses. He gave his wealth for the relief of the populace, though he was cursed and threatened as an aristocrat by the savage mob. Their violence and daily encroachments on his rights and property could not drive him from his post. At length the danger of his prince aroused him to take up arms. He committed himself to a brave but ill-concerted rising in the provinces, which issued in failure—in the flight of some, and the destruction of others concerned in it. He narrowly escaped with life. His zeal for the cause was unabated, and he immediately engaged in another royalist attempt; but this was disconcerted by the king's flight and arrest at Varennes. Louis embraced the constitution, how fatally events soon proved. His tenderness for the lives of men made him discourage and disavow the proceedings taken by the emigrant nobles and gentry in his behalf. These last were now in arms on the German frontier, favoured by the emperor, and headed by the two royal brothers, afterwards Louis XVIII. and Charles X. De Naillac now bade adieu to his wife, children, and friends, and the ancient manor-house of his ancestors, as it proved, for ever, and joined the camp at Coblentz in October 1791.

After some delay, which he spent in the acquirement of military knowledge, the Prussians, with their king, arrived, and the confederates opened a campaign

against the rebels; but no success attended their arms. The allies were soon in retreat, sorely harassed by sickness, famine, and the enemy. Still they disdained surrender. De Naillac suffered most from anxiety for those he had left at home; and as yet religion brought no balm to his tortured spirit.

When the army was dissolved, he repaired, with the other emigrants, all dispirited and destitute, to Liège, then governed by its prince-bishop, a stanch friend to the royalist cause. He resolved to labour for his bread, rather than compromise the safety of his friends and family at home by any attempt at correspondence. The prince-bishop of Liège showed great hospitality to the French emigrants; and these in return volunteered the defence of his dominions from the French revolutionary propagandists and their sympathisers amongst his subjects. In this manner they rendered him some essential service, and De Naillac was amongst the most active in the work. The goodness of heart natural to him had already prompted him to devote himself, with all the little means at his disposal, to the relief of the distressed amongst his own emigrant countrymen. But now it was that religion began to absorb his attention. The beautiful churches of Liège, where the Catholic worship was, and is, carried out in its true majesty, attracted him, and in a short time he was led to penetrate beyond its mere externals. A preacher of most impressive eloquence, the Abbé Beaurégard, who had been a court-preacher to the king of France, appeared in the city; and by his instrumentality the incredulous philosophical soldier was converted back to his early belief, and to the devout practice of his religion. Almighty God was mercifully so disposing the events of his life as to lead him gradually to Himself. Certain commercial projects, by which he had hoped to realise a competence in his exile, gradually proved abortive. Some remarkable preservations from imminent danger occurring about this time, had likewise a tendency to fix his mind in

the direction it was now taking. He was a constant and attentive hearer of the eloquent abbé. The religious spark early enkindled in his mind had never quite gone out, and now it revived, and enabled him to grasp at least one primary truth, the being and personality of God, all-mighty and all-good. This in due time conducted him to faith and to penance.

Political affairs ceased to engross his mind. He had sacrificed all that gives value to life for his loyal principles; now he sanctified the offering by submitting to the Divine will even the destiny of his king and country.

His progress in the spiritual life was wonderfully rapid. Rich in the gift of prayer, the hours seemed too short for its exercise. Great as was his reserve and humility, yet it became known to his most intimate friends that he enjoyed at this time an abundant measure of consolation. Towards Mary his devotion was most tender and assiduous. One day, whilst adoring before the Blessed Sacrament, an inward voice spoke to his soul in so vivid and distinct a manner, that he could not doubt it to be a direct manifestation of the Divine will, and an intimation as to what the future destiny of his life was to be.

The French revolutionary invasion now became daily more menacing; the allied forces were unable any longer to protect Liège; and it became necessary for the emigrants to withdraw to some securer refuge. Sore was the trial to De Naillac to leave a second home, where he had found religion in her beauty, and been taught her reality and her sweetness, and to know that those sacred aisles would soon witness the profanations of infidel fanaticism. He departed, followed by the deep regrets of the numerous friends he had made in Liège, and proceeded, in company with a large band of emigrants, by way of Nimeguen, to the little town of Essen, in Westphalia. He had resolved this time to withdraw far enough from the troubles of France, and hoped not to be again disturbed. Essen was anti-

revolutionary and Catholic, and received the emigrants with an embrace of fraternal sympathy. It was rewarded, during the subsequent convulsions, by a rare exemption for a long time from the horrors of war; in answer—may we not believe?—to the grateful prayers of the strangers for the hospitality they experienced. Nearly seven hundred found an asylum at this place; they formed the more religious portion of the body, and were brought together by a mutual sympathy on this point. The churches were always thronged, and a great multitude of French priests daily offered up the Holy Sacrifice for their unhappy country.

De Naillac found a lodging in the house of a venerable clergyman and his colleague, and spent his time in listening to their edifying converse, in the exercises of devotion, and of works of charity. A few other emigrants joined him, and a little society was formed, under the direction of the two clergymen, for the practice of charity and of penance. Still his aspirations ascended to heaven for the welfare of France, and for the triumph of what he deemed the right cause; and still was he ready to shed his blood in that cause; but it was for the altar's sake he wished to raise the Lily out of the dust. The brave army of Condé had been prodigal of their lives, as had several other royalist confederacies; the death-throes of La Vendée had recalled the deeds of the Machabees; a movement in Brittany for the rescue of the Church was now on foot; and lastly, the king of England was incorporating bodies of French volunteer officers, with the view of co-operating with the efforts making for the restoration of the monarchy. De Naillac joined one of these bodies, that commanded by the Comte de Tresor, and shared in the descent on the Ile-Dieu and the subsequent sufferings and disasters. In these events he bore himself like a true soldier and Christian: his spirit of penance and devotion amidst the confusion, hardships, and perils of the war, and his unwearyed efforts to alleviate the miseries of his poorer comrades, were most admirable;

but our limits forbid further details. Eventually he was removed, with his corps, to the Channel Islands, and after their disbanding to England. In Jersey, the devout society was either continued or constituted anew; and on their arrival in London its action was most beneficial. It consisted of gentlemen, late civil and military officers in the royal service of France; all men of devoted piety, and, since the ruin of their country, aspirants to the priestly or religious state. No human record commemorates their rich fruits of devotion and charity, performed in an obscure corner of London. The members had no other occupation, by day or night, than united prayer, the study of religion, and the laborious exercise of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy amongst the crowds of poor French emigrants in the Middlesex Hospital, and in other similar scenes of suffering and misery. Such was the company in which De Naillac was, for some time after his arrival in London, an active member; but now a new field was to be opened to his charity.

At Somers Town, then a village suburb of London, there had been opened, in 1797, a House of Refuge for the aged and decrepit amongst the French emigrant priests, many of whom were now destitute strangers in a strange land. This establishment lasted down to the time of the Restoration, and proved a welcome harbour to not a few venerable confessors, who had practised the virtues of Tobias and of Job, and had endured similar afflictions.

François Després, late a pastor of Rennes in Brittany, was the first director of this establishment; and he, having fallen a martyr of charity in 1802, was succeeded by another exemplary priest, late vicar-general of the same diocese of Rennes. Under the former of these superiors the post of hospital attendant, or infirmarian, became vacant: it had been usually discharged by an ecclesiastic; and the saintly Bishop of Léon, who for the eighteen years of his exile had devoted himself unweariedly to the welfare of his banished countrymen,

was charged with the finding of a successor. He was both delighted and edified to find a candidate in a Frenchman of noble rank and refined education, who solicited, as a great favour, the appointment to an office of the most fatiguing and repulsive kind. De Naillac was the applicant, and was at once appointed; and the good bishop, on all occasions, and even on his death-bed, never omitted an opportunity of testifying his deep admiration of such self-denying charity.

Shortly after entering on the duties of his post, De Naillac wrote as follows to the leader of the little pious confraternity with which he had hitherto been associated. His letter is dated "The Polygon, Somers Town, July 1798 :"

"While I live, I shall never forget your friendship; never shall I cease to feel truly grateful for it. Providence now sees fit to part us : the will of God is, I trust, sufficiently manifest in the approval of the holy Bishop of Léon, and in the desire of the reverend superior of the Aged Priests' Asylum, that I undertake the duties of infirmarian there. I have already commenced their discharge. To depart silently from our society, did indeed some violence to my feelings; but I thought it best to shun the sorrow of a parting scene, though I had to deny myself the pleasure of making a personal acknowledgment of the great kindness I have experienced from you. I would entreat my dear friends to pardon and forget whatever disedification I may have given during our intercourse. I sincerely lament it, if there have been any such defect in me. I would also beg for the continuance of our friendship: it has been most highly valued by me, and will be while I live."

It was on a festival of the Blessed Virgin that he obtained the highly-prized privilege of being servitor to the afflicted. He spent the day in supplications for her patronage. He remarked with gratitude that the chief blessings of his life were received on days that were dedicated to her.

He told it in confidence to a friend, that his aim in

seeking this employment was, that he might vanquish the extreme repugnance he felt naturally to such duties. To work as cook and scullion, to wait on the sick, to dress festering ulcers, were labours nothing but the sternest resolution could have enabled him to attempt: yet for these things he was needed; and prizing the opportunities they afforded of penance and of merit, he accepted them with joy, and persevered in them for upwards of eleven years. In the garb of a servant, he would sweep the house and the court-yard, and work at the meanest offices till the perspiration streamed from his brow. Nothing was too hard or too lowly for his zeal; and this not by a fitful impulse, but by the uniform tenour of his life. He bore, with the tenderness of a son, the infirmities, moral as well as physical, of the afflicted priests: he served them with pious respect; he knelt at their feet, and like a good Samaritan, dressed their sores with light and tender hand; and showed no disgust, but most compassionate sympathy, at sight of the most dreadful maladies. As the patients grew more and more helpless, the severity of his labours increased; but his cheerful energy increased with it. His one discontent was, that he was not permitted to serve all the night whenever a night-nurse was required. His daily labour commenced at five, and ended at eleven, even in the depth of winter; and he had the sole charge not only of nursing five or six generally of his beloved paralytic and helpless old priests, but likewise of the kitchen and the whole domestic management. Sometimes nature seemed on the point of giving way. Then his refreshment was to visit our Lord present in the tabernacle of the little domestic chapel; where, as he declared to intimate friends, he found his strength and spirits completely recruited. One instance only we will mention of all that his heroic charity accomplished. M. de Noan, a venerable pastor from Brittany, came under his charge afflicted with a gangrenous ulcer in the foot. The sub-infirmarian had himself just become disabled, and De Naillac thence-

forward would accept of no assistance. M. de Noan's sufferings were intense : amputation was too hazardous in one of such advanced age, but all that skill could do was done. The ulcer spread, and became most offensive, while the pain forced cries of agony from the patient. The faithful minister, taking example from St. John of God, dressed the horrible sore during a whole hour thrice daily on his knees at the bed-side. He did it as if it were a pleasure, and so tenderly, that the aged sufferer would allow of no other attendance. The gangrene extended and mortified, and the good old priest found repose in death. De Naillac tended him to the last with assiduous care ; and when he was gone, mourned him with deep regret as a father and a benefactor. Every feeling was absorbed in love of his brethren ; in the struggle after self-denial and perfect charity.

He proved on many occasions that he possessed the gift to speak with wisdom, and in season, the word of consolation and advice ; and in so doing to adapt himself to every character, to win the affection and esteem of all. To be praised was his greatest aversion : if by chance any one commended or flattered him, he grew alarmed, and instantly made it a subject of humiliation before his God. In the fifth year of his service as infirmarian to the aged priests, his beloved wife was taken away. He felt the blow acutely, and mourned her long and tenderly. And now, by the earnest recommendation of friends, and prayerful seeking to know the Divine will, he was called to the service of the priesthood. His humility at first made him reluctant ; but these scruples overcome, he applied himself with energy to the studies preparatory to his ordination. He was much impressed with that saying of St. Athanasius, "*sine legendi studio, neminem ad Deum intentum videas ;*" that is, "without application to study, no one can be fixedly intent on God."

He celebrated his first Mass with the most tender and elevated sentiments of devotion, and with a fervour

that was unabated during the short residue of his life. Short indeed it was, for the extreme fatigues he had undergone, his voluntary mortifications, and the profound grief he suffered at the sight of the calamities of his country and of religion, had brought on an internal disease, which broke out with violence in the month of March 1809. He was aware of his approaching change. "In eight days," said he to a friend, "I shall be no more: God's holy will be done! Oh, what a blessing to go to my dear Lord! Pray for me."

His reception of the last Sacraments recalled the fervour of the primitive Christians. He humbly begged the forgiveness of all, and especially of the aged friends to whom he had ministered, for any offence that, through human infirmity, he might have given. He assured them of his present happiness, and perfect confidence in his God. Although his case was known to be hopeless, yet so little was his strength impaired, that those around could scarce believe him dying; but just as some hopes had begun to be cherished of his recovery, on the morning of the 24th of April, as he was attempting to write some last words, he suddenly fell back, and peacefully expired in the arms of the reverend superior of the house. The distress at his loss amongst the inmates of the asylum was indescribable; great too was the regret of all who had known his virtues and enjoyed his friendship. He was followed to the grave by a very numerous train of the French refugees, both of those highest in consideration and of the poorest.

A modest stone was erected over his grave, with a Latin epitaph, of which the following is a copy and a translation:

"Hic jacet Reverendus admodum Gabriel Petrus Rebiere de Naillac; in proavorum castello prope urbem Garactum Marchiæ caput pernobili genere natus. Patriis institutis semper fidelis et ubique, in coalitis Borbonidum copiis anno MDCCXCVII. et sequentibus, militavit strenue. Demisso exercitu in seniorum civium suorum valetudinario, formam servi accipiens, per XI.

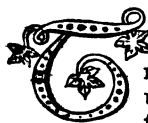
annos, omnibus omnia factus, infirmos et debiles curavit assidue, ulcerum foeditatem abstersit, advigilavit ægrotantibus, sepeliebat corpora eorum. Interea viduus, dilectissimam uxorem luxit amare, et Christi militiæ ascriptus terrena despiciens, dives autem in humilitate sua, functus est sacerdotio. Obiit die *xxiii.* Aprilis anno *MDCCCIX.* in seniorum gremio ad Somers Town, ætatem agens *L.* Hoc monumentum in defuncti memoriam et ad superstitis solatium amici, addicta utrique posuit amicorum societas. Plangent eum planctu, quasi super unigenitum, et dolebunt super eum ut doleri solet in morte unigeniti. Requiescat in pace."

"Here lies the Reverend Gabriel Pierre de Naillac, the scion of a noble and ancient house, who was born at his ancestral mansion of Cessac, near to Guéret, chief town of La Marche in France. Always and every where faithful to the institutions of his country, he served bravely in the allied armies under the Bourbons in 1797 and the following years. After the disbanding of those forces he devoted himself to the lowliest work of charity in a hospital of his countrymen, for eleven years. Becoming all things to all, he there diligently nursed the sick and decrepit, dressed their sores, and buried them when dead. In the meantime having become a widower, he bitterly lamented a much-loved wife; and despising earthly things, but rich in his humility, he entered the ranks of the priesthood of Christ. He departed this life at the Aged Priests' Asylum, Somers Town, April 24, 1809, in the fiftieth year of his age. This monument is erected by a society of his friends as a solace to survivors, and in testimony of their affection for his memory. 'They mourn for him as one mourneth for an only son, and they grieve over him as the manner is to grieve for the death of the first-born.' May he rest in peace!"

IX.

MARGARET CLITHEROW,

THE MARTYR OF YORK.



HIS truly Christian heroine was born in York about the year 1556; her maiden name was Middleton. She was brought up a Protestant, and continued such until two or three years after her marriage. According to the old saying, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," it was hearing of the patient sufferings of so many Catholics, both priests and laity, during the bitter persecution of Queen Elizabeth, which first turned Margaret's thoughts to the Catholic faith; and no sooner had a question concerning it suggested itself to her mind, than she set herself to inquire into the matter thoroughly, and was in due time received into the Church.

From this period her whole life was a season of preparation for the act of martyrdom which eventually crowned it, for she had to endure an abundant measure of the persecution which raged at that time against Catholics. Several times she was separated from her husband and children, and thrown into prison, where she remained for a space of more than two years, and where she devoted herself to the practice of all holiness, rejoicing in the quiet and seclusion it afforded her, so that she always looked back on the term of her imprisonment as the happiest period of her life, because the most profitable. And she was in truth a model of all Christian virtues of humility, obedience, and the most fervent charity, of all which a remarkable example is recorded by her director. When the statute was framed which made it high treason to entertain a Ca-

tholic priest, a Catholic gentleman, a friend of hers, advised her to be more careful than she had hitherto been in this respect, and on no account to adventure such a risk without consulting her husband. She hastened to communicate to her director the advice she had received, saying to him, "May I not receive priests and serve God as I have done, notwithstanding these new laws, without my husband's consent? I have hitherto," she continued, "put my whole confidence in you, that I might safely walk without sin by your direction. Now I know not how the rigour of these new laws may alter my duty in these things; but if you tell me that I offend God in any point, I will not do it for all the world." Her director answered, that her duty to God was in no way subject to her husband's control, and that the new laws made no difference in that duty; so that, if before they were enacted it was right in her to receive priests, and to serve God after the Catholic manner, it was right still; and that it was for her husband's safety not to know of her proceedings in this matter; that moreover it was an especial duty not to obey these wicked laws, because to do so was to become in a measure partaker of the sin of those who made them, and to carry out effectually the intention of the lawgivers, namely, the abolition of the Catholic faith throughout the realm. This counsel was most welcome to her devoted spirit.

"Thank you, father," she answered; "by God's grace, all priests shall be more welcome to me than ever they were."

"Then, my daughter," he said, smiling, "you must prepare your neck for the rope."

"God's will be done," she answered; "but I am far unworthy of that honour."

She continued, therefore, as she had begun, in spite of the persecuting laws, zealously to receive any priests who came to her. She had prepared two secret chambers for their reception, and for a place to say Mass; one in a neighbour's house adjoining, but with a very

small hidden entrance from her own house, where, therefore, she might resort at any time without being seen or suspected, and the other at some little distance; which last she reserved for more dangerous times. In fitting up these places for the holy service she had spared no expense; and when afterwards they were given up to pillage, the spoilers were astonished at the quantity and richness of the church-furniture which she had collected.

Though living thus in daily peril of the most deadly kind, our heroine had her reward in an unfailing serenity of heart, amounting even to gladness. Her "discreet and honest mirth," and "mild smiling countenance," are held in affectionate remembrance by her biographer; as also her strength of mind, acuteness of intellect, and quick despatch of business, more especially in any thing concerning the Catholic cause. "If the difficulty," we are told, "appeared ever so great, and the thing almost desperate, by her advice it was commonly brought to pass without danger." Though in her fervour she adventured risks, which seemed to some extravagant, for the spiritual good of others, furnishing them with means of serving God far beyond the measure of their strict obligation, yet the discretion and skill with which she ordered every thing were such as to enable her to carry on these holy practices undetected for a longer time than any one thought possible. She was very popular, too, among even her Protestant neighbours; so that, though many suspected that she heard Mass in her house daily, they were as careful to conceal the matter, and give her warning of any impending danger, as if the affair had been their own. She did not allow the weighty matters in which she was engaged to distract her from her household duties; but fulfilled them all with scrupulous exactness, ruling her servants with strictness, and reproving them, if needful, with a sharpness which alarmed those about her, who knew what perilous secrets were necessarily confided to the faithfulness of these very servants, who had thus their mis-

tress's very life in their power. "I should be ashamed of myself," she said, "if I allowed my house to be ordered negligently from any danger to myself."

Her biographer has left a short sketch of her rule of life, which, though it reads like that of an ordinary Christian, is raised to a very different level when we remember that all these duties, so easy to us, were performed by her at the peril of her life. She rose early, made a meditation of an hour and a half, and heard Mass. Then set herself to the work of the day till four o'clock in the afternoon, when, with her children, she came to what her biographer calls evensong, probably vespers; then to her household duties again, till eight or nine, when she would visit her "ghostly father" again, to pray with him, and ask his blessing before retiring to rest. Twice a-week she frequented the Holy Sacrament of Confession and the Blessed Eucharist. She delighted in spiritual reading, more especially the New Testament in the Rheims translation, and the Imitation. Her early education seems to have been strangely neglected, in an age when there was so much of mental cultivation, for we are told that it was during her first imprisonment that she learned to read; but in the idea that at some future day she might possibly be called to a religious life, she had learnt to say the Office of our Lady in Latin.

The priests whose ministrations she so valued were most of them taken one after the other, and martyred at a place called Knavesmire, about a mile from York. This spot therefore became to her a holy place of pilgrimage, where, as often as she could gain permission from her director, she would go barefoot by night for fear of spies, and kneeling under the gallows, meditate and pray as long as her companions could suffer her. Thus was stirred up within her a fervent desire to follow their good example, though she thought herself altogether unworthy of such an honour. "In truth," she would say, "I see not in myself any worthiness of martyrdom; yet, if it be His will, I pray Him that I

may be constant, and persevere to the end." Her being so frequently delivered out of prison was rather a trouble to her, as it made her fear the more that "she was not counted worthy of so great a calling."

Her time, however, came sooner than she looked for it. In the year 1586, we are told that "the Lord Eure, vice-president, Mr. Meare, Mr. Hurleston, and Mr. Cheeke, counsellors at York, sent for Mr. Clitherow to appear before them. Mrs. Clitherow feared that during her husband's absence they would send to the sheriffs of York to search the house, and therefore she gave immediate notice to the priest who was concealed in the secret chamber we have mentioned, and he was conveyed away safely before the arrival of the sheriffs, who came during Mr. Clitherow's absence, as his wife had anticipated. In another part of her house, however, was concealed a Catholic schoolmaster, named Mr. Stapleton, who had lately escaped from prison, and who was engaged at that time in teaching her children, and two or three little boys besides. Whilst he was thus occupied, one of the sheriffs partly opened the door, and, suspecting the schoolmaster to be a priest, shut it again hastily, and ran to call his fellows. Mr. Stapleton, thinking it was a friend, opened the door again to call him in, but immediately guessing the truth, escaped by the secret way to the priests' chamber in the house adjoining, and so got off safely. The searching party came back to the room in great haste, and, enraged at having lost their prey, took Mrs. Clitherow into custody, together with her children and servants; and threatened one of the little boys present (not one of her own children) so cruelly, that at last he yielded, and showed them the priests' chamber, with the receptacle for books and church-furniture which it contained. All these they seized, sent the children and servants to separate prisons, and carried Mrs. Clitherow before the council. After a short examination she was committed to the Castle as a close prisoner: this examination was secret; but from the state in which

she reached the prison, bathed in perspiration and utterly exhausted, her biographer surmises that she was put to the torture, which, as we know, was freely used on like occasions. The little boy who had showed the priests' chamber also accused many persons whom he had seen there at Mass, among others a certain Mrs. Agnes Leech, who was also committed to the Castle on Saturday, the 12th of March, and who continued in the same chamber with Mrs. Clitherow until the Monday following, which was the first day of the assizes at York. Her husband was also imprisoned, and she was allowed one or two interviews with him, but only in the audience of the gaoler and others. Her serenity of mind, however, not only did not forsake her, but increased with such gladness of spirit that she was afraid she might thereby lose the merit of suffering. "Sister," she said to Mrs. Agnes Leech, "we two are so merry together, that I fear, unless we be parted, we shall hazard to lose the merit of our imprisonment."

On Monday, the 14th of March, in the afternoon, Mrs. Clitherow was brought from the Castle to the common-hall in York, before the two judges, Mr. Clinch and Mr. Rhodes, several others of the council sitting with them on the bench.

Her indictment was read : "That she had harboured and maintained Jesuit and Seminary priests, traitors to the Queen's majesty and the laws; and that she had heard Mass and such like." Then Judge Clinch stood up and said, "Margaret Clitherow, how say you? are you guilty of this indictment or not?"

She answered, with a mild and smiling countenance, "I know no offence whereof I should confess myself guilty."

The judge said, "Yes, you have offended the Queen's majesty's laws, forasmuch as you have harboured and maintained Jesuits and priests, enemies to her majesty."

She answered, "I neither know nor have harboured any such persons. God forbid that I should harbour or maintain those which are not the Queen's friends."

The judge said, "How will you be tried?"

"Having committed no offence," she answered, "I need no trial."

They said, "You have offended against the statute, and therefore you must be tried;" and often asked her how she would be tried.

She answered, "If you say I have offended, and that I must be tried, I will be tried by none but by God and your own conscience."

"That cannot be," said the judges; "you must be tried by your country." Then they brought out the chalices and vestments, and mocked at them; and asked her in whom she believed?

"I believe," said she, "in God."

"In what God?" asked the judge.

"I believe," she answered, "in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; in these three Persons and one God I fully believe; and that by the death, passion, and mercy of Christ Jesus I must be saved."

The judge said, "You say well;" and after a while asked her again how she would be tried? and again she refused trial; fearing that by her trial others might be criminated, and so brought into the same trouble. The judge said, "Good woman, consider well what you do; if you refuse to be tried by your country, you make yourself guilty and accessory to your own death; for we cannot try you but by order of law. You need not fear this kind of trial; for I think the country cannot find you guilty upon the slender evidence of one child." She still refused; and then the judge told her that they must proceed against her according to law, which would condemn her to a sharp death for want of trial; but she answered cheerfully, "God's will be done. I thank God that I may suffer any death for this good cause."

That night the judge retired without having pronounced sentence, and she was brought from the hall, "with a great troop of men and halberts, with a most cheerful countenance, dealing silver on both sides of the streets," to the felons' prison on the bridge, which

bridge—a noble construction of six arches, on which, besides the prison, stood a chapel and the great council-chamber of the city—has been now removed, to the great regret of antiquarians. Here that same night she was visited by a puritan preacher, by name Whigginton, who endeavoured to turn her from the faith.

The next day, at eight o'clock, she was carried again to the common-hall, and the judge thus addressed her: "Margaret Clitherow, how say you yet? Yesternight we passed you over without judgment, which we might have pronounced against you if we would; we did it not, hoping you would be something more conformable, and put yourself on the country, for otherwise you must needs have the law. We see nothing why you should refuse; here be but small witness against you, and the country will consider your case." "Indeed," said she, "I think you have no witness against me but children, whom with an apple or a rod you may cause to say what you will." They said: "It is plain that you have had priests in your house by these things which are found." She answered: "As for good Catholic priests, I know no cause why I should refuse them as long as I live; they come only to do me and others good." On this Rhodes, Thurstleton, and others, exclaimed: "They are all traitors, rascals, and deceivers of the Queen's subjects." "God forgive you," she meekly replied; "you would not speak so of them if you knew them." After several more speeches of this kind, the judge asked her once more whether she would put herself on her country, and she again declined; on which he warned her that she had nothing to expect but the rigour of the law. Then Whigginton, the preacher who had visited her the evening before, spoke in her favour, reminding the judge how slender was the evidence against her, and assuring him that if the Queen's law empowered him to proceed against her to the death, the law of God did not. But Rhodes and others urged on her death; and at last the judge reluctantly passed sentence upon her to this effect,

“that in the lowest part of her prison she should be stripped, laid on her back on the ground, and as much weight laid on her as she could bear, and so continue for three days; and on the third day, should she still refuse to plead, be pressed to death, her hands and feet tied to a post and a sharp stone under her back.”

The martyr heard this fearful sentence without any change of countenance, and meekly answered: “If this judgment be according to your conscience, I pray God for a better judgment in His presence.” The judge again offered her the alternative of throwing herself on her country, but she again refused, saying: “God be thanked; all that He shall send me shall be welcome; I am not worthy so good a death as this is; I have deserved death for my offences against God, but not for any thing I am accused of.”

Then the sheriffs pinioned her arms with a cord, and escorted her with halberts back to the bridge again, she all the while bearing so cheerful a countenance, that some of those who looked upon her as she passed said, that it must needs be that she received comfort from the Holy Ghost; but others answered that “it was not so, but that she was possessed of a merry devil, and that she sought her own death.” As she walked between the two sheriffs, she scattered money on both sides of her as well as she could, her arms being pinioned.

When her husband heard her sentence, he was like one distracted. “Alas!” he cried, “will they kill my wife? Let them take all I have, and save her, for she is the best wife in all England, and the best Catholic also.”

Her friends made every effort to save her; and among other expedients, were very earnest that she should declare herself with child; but she could not be persuaded to say more than the real truth, that she was not certain whether she was so or not. However, the bare possibility that such might be the case was sufficient to make the judge extremely reluctant to order her execution; but he was overruled by the council,

and at last, "like Pilate," as we are told, "thinking to wash his hands of the matter, he referred all to them, desiring them to use their own discretion; and at his departure from the city, he commanded that the execution should take place on the following Friday," the 25th of March, unless they should hear from him to the contrary.

The martyr, after her condemnation, set herself to prepare for death with much fasting and prayer; still fearing that she was not worthy to suffer such a death for God's sake. At this time she sent word to her ghostly father, desiring him to pray earnestly for her; but that the heaviest cross to her was the fear of escaping death.

Again and again Protestant ministers and others came to her in her prison, to try both to persuade her to throw herself on her country, and also to renounce the Catholic faith; but her stedfastness in both was immovable. "Answer me," said one of these to her, "what is the Church?" The martyr said: "It is that wherein the true word of God is preached, which Christ taught, and left to His apostles, and they to their successors, ministering the seven Sacraments which the same Church hath always observed, doctors preached, and martyrs and confessors have witnessed. This is the Church which I believe to be true." Whigginton, the Puritan, who had before visited her, came to see her again, and to urge her to yield. "Possibly," said he, "you think you shall have martyrdom; but you are foully deceived, for it cometh but one way. Not death, but the cause maketh a martyr. In the time of Queen Mary were many put to death, and now also in this Queen's reign, of two several opinions; both these cannot be martyrs. Therefore, good Mistress Clitherow, take pity on yourself. Christ Himself fled His persecutors; so did His apostles; and why should you not, then, favour your own life?" The martyr answered: "God forbid that I should favour my own life in this point. As for my martyrdom, I am not yet assured of it,

for that I am still living; but if I persevere to the end, then I verily believe I shall be saved." Among others, the mayor of York, who was her step-father, came to visit her, and kneeled down before her, urging her with tears to save her life. Many came to her daily; but her steadfastness was proof against all arguments and persuasion. She petitioned to be allowed to see her husband; but was refused unless she would yield. "God's will be done," she said; "for I will not offend God and my conscience to speak with him."

Two days before her martyrdom, the sheriffs of York came and told her what day was appointed for her death. She thanked God, and requested them that she might go to the place where she was to suffer half a day or half a night before, and to remain there until the time when she should suffer; but they would not grant it.

After the sheriffs were departed, she said to a friend of hers, "The sheriffs have told me that I shall die on Friday next. I now feel the frailty of mine own flesh, which trembleth at these news, although my spirit greatly rejoiceth. Therefore, for God's sake pray for me; and I desire all good folks to do the same." And then "kneeling down and praying a little, the fear and horror of death presently departed from her." From this time her courage never failed her; but she devoted herself unceasingly to preparation for her great trial, spending her whole time in fasting and prayer.

The night before she suffered, she asked her jailer's wife to allow one of her maids to bear her company through the night, "not for any fear of death,—for that," she said, "is my comfort; but that flesh is frail." The woman said, "Alas, Mrs. Clitherow, the jailer is gone, the door is locked, and none can be had." But she herself remained sitting by her till almost midnight, and then went to bed in the same room. At twelve o'clock she saw the martyr rise from her knees, and "putting off all her apparel, clothe herself in a linen

habit like an alb, which she had made with her own hands three days before to wear at her death. Then she kneeled down again till three, when she rose and came to the fireside; then she lay down flat on the stones for about a quarter of an hour, and then retired to her bed, where she remained till six in the morning."

She asked her jailer's wife to see her die, and said she wished some good Catholic could be beside her in the last agony and pains of death, to put her in remembrance of God. The woman said she would not see her die such a cruel death for all York; "but," said she, "I will procure some friends to lay weight upon you, that you may be quickly despatched from your pain." This the martyr would in no way allow, but said, "God forbid that you should procure any to be guilty of my blood."

About eight o'clock the sheriffs came for her, and found her ready and expecting them; and so she went with a cheerful step to her death, or, as she called it, to her marriage. Again, as before, she dealt her alms as she passed along the street, which was so full of people that she could hardly make her way through the crowd, who all marvelled at her joyful, smiling countenance.

The place of execution was the Tolbooth, six or seven yards distant from the prison. There were present at her martyrdom the two sheriffs, some ministers, four sergeants, who had hired some beggars to do the murder, three or four men besides, and four women.

When the martyr reached the place, she knelt down and prayed to herself. Her tormentors bade her pray with them, and they would pray with her. But she said, "I will not pray with you, nor shall you pray with me; neither will I say amen to your prayers, nor shall you to mine." Then she prayed aloud for the "Catholic Church, for the Pope's holiness, cardinals, and other fathers which have charge of souls;" then for "the Christian princes in the world, and especially for

Elizabeth queen of England, that God may turn her to the Catholic faith, and after this mortal life she may receive the blessed joys of heaven; for I wish," said she, "as much joy to her majesty's soul as to mine own."

Then Fawcett, one of the sheriffs, commanded her to put off her apparel. She implored on her knees, together with the other women, that this might be spared her, but in vain; however, the women disrobed her, and put on her the long linen habit which she had prepared for herself. Being thus ready, she lay quietly down on the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief. Then the door was laid upon her, and she covered her face with her hands; but the sheriffs told her that she must have her hands bound to two posts, which was done; "so that her body and arms made a perfect cross." At the first weight that was laid upon her, she cried, "O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! have mercy upon me!" which were the last words she was heard to speak. A sharp stone was placed under her back, and seven or eight hundredweight at least were laid upon her; and her agony lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour.

Such was the life and death of this blessed martyr of Christ. As it may seem strange to some that she should have scrupled to plead, when so many other holy confessors of the faith have done so, it is right to give, in conclusion, her own touching reasons for her conduct.

"Alas!" said she, "if I should have put myself on my country, evidence must needs have come against me, which I know none could give but only my children or servants. And it would have been more grievous to me than a thousand deaths, if I should have seen any of them brought forth before me to give evidence against me in so good a cause, and be guilty of my blood. Secondly," she continued, "I know well the country must needs have found me guilty to please the council, which seek earnestly my blood; and then all they had been accessory to my death, and damnably

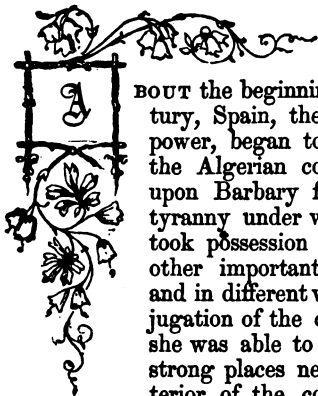
offended God. I therefore thought, in the way of charity, for my part to hinder the country from such a sin; and seeing it must needs be done, to cause as few to do it as might be;—that was the judge himself.”



X.

THE MARTYRDOM OF GERONIMO

AT ALGIERS, 1569.



ABOUT the beginning of the sixteenth century, Spain, then at the zenith of her power, began to establish herself upon the Algerian coast; and in retaliation upon Barbary for the long and cruel tyranny under which she had groaned, took possession of Oran, Boujeiah, and other important harbours; built forts, and in different ways attempted the subjugation of the country. But although she was able to fortify herself in a few strong places near the sea, still the interior of the country continued to be held by the natives, and frequent engagements took place between the garrisons of the different forts and the unsubdued Arabs.

Upon these occasions it frequently happened that prisoners were made on both sides. Those Spaniards who fell into the hands of the natives were carried to Algiers and sold into slavery, with the exception of as many as dared to purchase their liberty at the expense of their faith. Such renegades unhappily were seldom wanting to disgrace the Christian name throughout the whole course of the struggle between the Moors and the Spaniards. Those Mahometans who were taken captive by the Christian soldiers in like manner became the property of the victors, and the attempts which were made to effect the conversion of the prisoners

were not always unattended with success. One signal instance of the marvellous grace displayed in a youth, who had been converted and was afterwards recaptured by the Mahometans, has been recorded. It is an instance of baptismal grace germinating after many years, and at length producing fruits in martyrdom. The facts are as follows:

In the year 1538 the troops in garrison at Oran made a razzia on the neighbouring Arabs, and brought home with them a quantity of booty, including several captives. These, according to the custom of the day, were sold, that the prize-money might be divided among the conquerors. One of the prisoners was a little boy only four years of age, whose pleasing expression of countenance attracted the attention of John Cars, the vicar-general. The ecclesiastic purchased the Mahometan child, instructed him in the Christian religion, and baptised him by the name of Geronimo.

The little Geronimo, however, only remained four years with his new master. In 1542 the plague broke out at Oran, and in the confusion and distress produced by the pestilence some of the Arab prisoners found means to escape. They fled from the city, taking with them Geronimo, and after a time he was restored to his parents. It is not known whether at that period, when he was only eight years of age, he made any objection to returning to the religion of his father. If he did, it was overruled, for he was brought up a Mahometan. But in heart and affection Geronimo must have still adhered to the Faith; for after seventeen years, moved doubtless by the special grace of God, he forsook his own home and returned to Oran, where John Cars was still living. He at once made a public confession of Christianity, and was reconciled to the Church by the same hands which had originally admitted him into the true fold. Soon afterwards he loved a young Arab maiden, like himself a convert; and John Cars pronounced over his children in Christ the nuptial benediction.

Geronimo now caused himself to be enrolled in one of the Spanish regiments called the *Cuadrillas de Campo*, a corps the duties of which lay outside the town. In this service he distinguished himself greatly by his courage and zeal; but at the end of ten years he was unfortunately captured by pirates from Tehran. Cruising along the coast in a small vessel, he and nine of his comrades were overpowered by numbers. Their boat was sunk, and they were bound and brought into Algiers, then under the government of the Calabrese renegade Ali-el-Eudj.

The Dey of Algiers enjoyed the right of choosing for himself two out of every ten captives brought in by the corsairs. It was the condition on which they were permitted to exercise openly their nefarious pursuit. Geronimo was one of the two selected by Ali; and he was accordingly marched off from the market to the Dey's task-house, where he was set to work with the other slaves. These were, of course, most of them Mahometans, and they soon discovered the Moslem origin of the Christian stranger. They reported the fact to their master, and from that moment Geronimo was assailed on all sides by menaces, entreaties, and promises. There were among the other slaves a few Christians, who had been taken captive in battle, one of whom was a priest; and there was a sort of oratory in the *bagne*, where they were permitted to worship. They suffered comparatively little ill-treatment from their master and his overseers. It was Geronimo the convert whose reconversion to the religion of their prophet they were determined to effect at any cost. From the renegade Dey down to the meanest of the slaves, Geronimo received alternately good and bad usage, kindness and cruelty. But he remained firm and unmoved. Nor were the Arab theologians more successful in overcoming his constancy. He was as insensible to argument as to threats and persuasions. Proof against every attack, he declared his unalterable determination to die in the faith for which he had forsaken home and kindred.

In the autumn of the year 1569, the Algerines, for the better security of their town, were engaged in the construction of a fort outside the walls, near the gate Bab-el-oved; and the Dey watched the progress of the work with great interest, superintending the building personally, and animating the slaves employed by his presence and his promises. The fort is the same which is now called the *Fort des Vingt-Quatre-Heures*. It is composed of blocks of pise, a peculiar material commonly used in the fortifications of Algiers. Pise is a compost of stones, mortar, and earth, mixed in certain proportions, trodden down and rammed hard into a compact mass in a huge mould, and exposed to dry in the sun. When thoroughly baked and quite solid, it is turned out of the mould, and is then ready for use. One day Ali was observing the labourers trampling the compost into the moulds, and kneading it close and firm with their heavy rammers, when a sudden idea seemed to strike his mind, and he called to him the foreman of the masons, Michael of Navarre, and pointing to an empty mould which the men were just going to fill, he said, "Michael, leave that box empty till to-morrow. I will take the body of that dog from Oran who refused to return to the religion of Mahomet, and make a block of pise of it." And with these words, without waiting for an answer, Ali left the stupefied mason, and returned to his palace.

Now Michael was a Christian, and sorely grieved was he at the Dey's words. Nevertheless, he was compelled to do as the tyrant had said, and he laid the empty mould aside. And when the day's work was over, and the slaves had returned to the bagné, he went with tears in his eyes to seek Geronimo, and told him what the Dey had determined to do, and exhorted him to be resigned, and to die manfully for the Cross.

"Blessed be God for all things," exclaimed the future martyr; "let not the infidels flatter themselves that they will terrify me by the thought of the horrible torture which they have intended for me, and by

which they hope to prevail on my fears to renounce the true religion. All that I beg of God is, that He may have pity on my soul and forgive me my sins."

These words of Geronimo filled the heart of Michael with joy; and he gave God thanks for the grace which He had given to His servant. Geronimo, too, gave thanks for that he was counted worthy to give testimony for the faith; and he began to prepare for the morrow. His fellow-slave, who was a priest, administered to him the last sacraments, and he spent the night in prayer, offering up to God the sacrifice of his life, and imploring the grace of final perseverance; and thus fortified, he calmly awaited the summons that was to conduct him to a cruel death.

The next morning, being the 18th of September, 1569, four *chaonces* of the Dey came early to the bagne, and called aloud for Geronimo. He was in the oratory at prayer, but he surrendered himself into their hands.

"Well, dog, Jew, traitor, why dost thou persist in refusing to become a Mussulman?" they vied with each other in exclaiming as soon as they perceived him. But he said nothing in answer to all their revilings. Then they laid hands upon him, and would have dragged him off; but he walked willingly all the way to the Fort des Vingt-Quatre-Heures, where Ali had already arrived, and along with him a large number of Turks, renegades, and Moors, all eager for Christian blood.

"Now, then, dog!" exclaimed Ali, "once for all, wilt thou not return to the religion of Mahomet?"

"Not for all the world," replied Geronimo; "Christian I am, and Christian I will remain."

"Sayest thou so?" howled aloud the exasperated Dey; "well, thou seest that box; in that box I will have thee pounded and buried alive."

"Do thy will," answered the holy martyr with wonderful courage; "I am prepared for all; and nothing in the world will induce me to abandon the faith of my Lord Jesus Christ."

Then Ali, setting his teeth in fury, signed to the four chaonces, who seized Geronimo, and bound him hand and foot. Then they lifted him up, and first placing a layer of compost at the bottom of the mould, threw him upon it, and began to cover him over with pise. Geronimo uttered not a cry while he was thus being laid on the altar.

There was a renegade there named Tamango, a Spaniard, who, after being taken captive at the defeat near Mostraganem, had turned Mussulman, and assumed the name of Djafer. This man, more furious than the Mahometans themselves, jumped into the box, and calling loudly for more and more earth, seized a rammer, and began to pound the poor sufferer with all his force; and other renegades, stimulated by the example of Tamango, and anxious to show themselves as good Mussulmans as he, laid hold of rammers, and leapt into the mould, and assisted at the sacrifice. Closer and closer was pressed down upon the convulsed victim of their cruelty the thick and adhesive compost, long after his blessed spirit had received at the hands of God its great reward. And then such a block of pise was formed as not all the fortifications of Africa could boast. It was laid in its place, and other blocks were built upon it; and not a mark was left to distinguish the resting-place of the martyr Geronimo. And years passed on, and the story was forgotten, except that one Hædo, an author of the period, wrote of the brave Algerine for the information of posterity; and in the year 1847 his memory was revived. But it was not till the 27th December, 1853, that the actual relics of the martyr were discovered. Three whole centuries Almighty God permitted to wile away ere the crown which Geronimo had so long worn in heaven should be acknowledged upon earth. The process of his beatification has only just commenced.

Don Diego de Hædo, author of the Topography of Algiers, and to whom we owe our knowledge of the above particulars, indicated the exact position of the

body of Geronimo in the Fort des Vingt-Quatre-Heures. He says, "On examining with attention the blocks of pise which form the walls of the fort, it will be easy to discover the spot where the body of the saint reposes. In the north wall will be seen a block, of which the surface has sunk in, and with the appearance of having been disturbed. For the body of Geronimo, in falling into decay, left in the block a hollow which has caused a sinking that is very visible. Confident in the goodness of the Lord, I believe that the day will come when this martyr will be removed from that spot, to be laid in another and more suitable resting-place; and not only he, but all the holy martyrs who have watered that land with their blood."

The day has come which the good old topographer foresaw. But his pious care to point out the martyr's tomb did not further its recovery, as he anticipated. The sinking of which he speaks had probably been smoothed away by the weather; for notwithstanding the closest search, the block in question could not be pointed out when the demolition of the fort was commenced under the orders of the French government. However, the knowledge that the remains of a martyr certainly did exist in one or other of the many blocks of which the walls were composed, caused the process of destruction to be carried on with great care. Captain Susoni, to whom the work was committed, watched the proceedings with all vigilance, and every precaution was taken against passing over the precious receptacle of a martyr's relics. However, course by course was removed, and block by block separated, and still no signs of Geronimo appeared. The discovery began to be considered hopeless, till at length, one day—it was the 27th December, 1853—a petard, which had been placed beneath two or three courses of pise near the ground, exploded, and laid open a cavity, containing a human skeleton, the whole of which was visible from the neck to the knees, in a perfect state of preservation.

The soldiers immediately announced the great discovery to their commanding officer, who, after a brief examination, concluded that the bones were the bones of the martyred Geronimo, which they had so long been in search of; and he hastened to communicate the good news to Mgr. Pavy, the Bishop of Algiers. The prelate hastened to the spot with a number of his clergy; and a crowd of people, with civil and military officers, rushed also to pay a visit to the martyr.

He lay stretched on his face, the legs close to each other; the arms had evidently been tied together behind the back, and the cord which bound them was imbedded in the mortar. The feet also appeared to have been tied. Although the fleshy parts had all mouldered away, yet their impress had been faithfully left in the pise, and had formed a perfect mould, such as modellers make in sand; so that it would be merely necessary to run in the proper quantity of plaster in order to obtain an actual cut of the features and figure of the martyr, taken at the very moment of his agony. The very texture of the coarse stuff of which his prison-garments were composed had been transferred to the pise, as well as the strained position of the muscles of the limbs, convulsed under the torture of being buried alive. The head was covered with a *chachia*, with turned-up edges, as if it had been too large for the wearer; the tassel and the button by which it was attached were distinctly visible.

A cast of the head has been taken by M. Latour with the most complete success. It is impossible to look upon this cast without an indescribable sensation of awe. There are the features of the martyr; there is the very expression which they wore while he was being pounded to death: they are full of agony, and yet full of resignation. No sculptor could have produced such a countenance; no art could have so depicted pain and faith. It is the living reality, which is now, after three hundred years, exposed to view.

The bishop, immediately on the discovery, took the

proper steps enjoined by the canons for the verification of the relics. A commission of civil and military surgeons was appointed to examine the body, that they might give an opinion on the sex, age, and race. They pronounced it to be the body of a man of the Berber race. A written account of the proceedings, with an account of his martyrdom from De Hædo, the expectation of finding the body, the search, the discovery, the surgeons' report, and the cast of the head, were forwarded to Rome, where the cause of Geronimo immediately excited the warmest sympathy, especially in the breast of the Holy Father, who received Mgr. Pavy's written statement in lieu of the usual preliminary proceedings. On the 30th March, 1854, his Holiness was pleased to order *de plano*, and on the advice of a commission of four cardinals, the introduction of the clause which confers on the servant of God to whom it relates the title of "Venerable;" so that there is every reason to hope that in due course of time the glorious martyr Geronimo will be raised upon the altars of the Church.

On the 28th of May following, the block of pise containing the relics was translated with great reverence and ceremony to the cathedral. At three o'clock in the afternoon, there arrived at the spot where the block was lying, the governor-general with his *état-major*, the prefect and his attendants, all the municipal and military authorities, to take part in the procession. With the Bishop of Algiers came the Bishop of Mahon and the entire clergy of the diocese. The Algerine militia, the gendarmes, and the troops of the garrison, were in attendance to form a hedge round these functionaries; and beyond was an immense crowd, posted on each little hill, and wherever the ground permitted a view of the ceremony, and forming an imposing amphitheatre round the rock of the Fort des Vingt-Quatre-Heures. When all was ready, the procession began to move slowly towards the cathedral.

First came a picket of mounted militia; then, in two ranks, the ladies of the Pension of Aga, of Bab-

azoun, of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, of St. Philip, and of the Good Shepherd, with other religious women.

The bust of Geronimo, and then his portrait, carried by youths, followed between two lines of Trappists, and then the car bearing the block of pise advanced between the parochial clergy and the episcopal insignia.

After the block came the shrine, containing the holy relics, of which the cords were held by the procureur-general, the prefect, the admiral in charge of the station, the mayor, the Spanish consul, and the colonel of the regiment. Surrounding the shrine and the bearers of it walked the members of the chapter.

After the holy relics followed Mgr. the Bishop of Algiers, with his vicar-general. On his right walked the Bishop of Mahon, with his canons, and on his left the Abbot of La Trappe and two religious of his house.

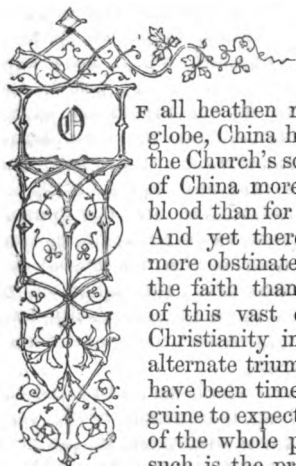
Then followed the civil and military authorities, between two lines formed by the men of the archconfraternity, and after them came inhabitants of the town, natives of all the European nations. The gendarmes brought up the rear.

Along the whole line of the procession, the balconies, crossings, tops of houses, windows, all were crowded; even the hospital arches were full of half-convalescent patients; the whole town seemed to have poured into the street to do honour to Geronimo.

On arriving at the cathedral, the shrine, the bust, and the portrait, were deposited in front of the altar, and after suitable prayers and hymns, the bishop addressed the devout throng on the rare and glorious event they had that day assembled to celebrate. Well may the Christians of Algiers cherish the memory of Geronimo, and rejoice in the intercession of so great a martyr; for events more strange, more touching, could not be pointed out in the whole martyrology of the Church, than are exhibited in the narrative of the death of the heroic Algerine;—his long concealment, his discovery after three centuries, and the wonderful preservation and reproduction of his very lineaments.

MISSIONS AND MARTYRDOMS

IN CHINA.



For all heathen nations on the face of the globe, China has been the chief object of the Church's solicitude. In the conversion of China more martyrs have shed their blood than for that of any other country. And yet there is no people which has more obstinately rejected the treasure of the faith than the sceptical inhabitants of this vast empire. The history of Christianity in China is the history of alternate triumphs and reverses. There have been times when it seemed not sanguine to expect the immediate conversion of the whole population; at others, and such is the present, the gospel has been altogether proscribed. This ebb and flow is, indeed, nothing more than the Church has experienced every where else; but in other countries the faith has survived the fury of persecution, to break out afresh after the storm in greater glory than ever. The hypocrite or the worldling might apostatise; but the faithful who remained firm were the nucleus round which fresh conversions gathered as soon as the pressure was removed. Not so in China. The Chinese, as a people, seem ready to discard the faith as soon as they embrace it. The harvest is just ready to gather in; suddenly there comes a blight, and scarcely a vestige remains of all the goodly show. The seed has to be sown afresh: the labour has been thrown away,—all has to be begun again from the beginning.

There are, of course, many noble exceptions to this general rule. It is not meant to be asserted that there is no Christianity in China; far from it. There are at this moment about 800,000 Christians; and many of them are exposed to the greatest danger for their fidelity to the faith. There are also scattered about all over the country small Christendoms, the relics of old and once-flourishing churches, which have kept their religion for years, unvisited by any priest, and only accidentally discovered by the missionary in his apostolic wanderings. Further, not the least heroic of the many martyrs for Christ which the country can boast have been native catechists and priests. Still, the population of China is 300,000,000, and the conversion of this immense multitude seems as far off as ever. The causes, humanly speaking, of this lamentable sterility, are not difficult of discovery. But before we investigate them, it will be well to glance rapidly over the various attempts which have been made at different times to evangelise the empire.

The first authentic notice which we find of the existence of Christianity in China, is furnished by the very interesting monument that was discovered in the year 1625, near the city of Si-gan-fou, the ancient capital of Cathay, as the empire was then termed. It is indeed alleged that St. Thomas the Apostle made an expedition into those parts from Malabar; but little evidence exists for the truth of the tradition. The Si-gan monument is a marble slab, ten feet long by five broad, surmounted by a pyramidal cross, and containing a long inscription, in the Chinese character, on the state of Christianity in China during a period of 146 years; that is to say, from the year 635 to the year 781.

The inscription commences with this heading: "This stone was erected to the honour and eternal memory of the law of light and truth, brought from Ta-cin, and promulgated in China;" and concludes with its date, "the 2d year of the reign of Tai-tsoung, Nice-Chou being bishop." It speaks of the numerous churches which the

piety of the emperors had reared in 635; of the high titles given to the primate or sovereign guardian of the kingdom of the Great Law; of two persecutions which terminated ineffectually, one in 699, the other in 712; of the labours and success of the missionaries; of the arrival of a messenger from Ta-msin, in the Roman empire, and his invitation from the emperor to offer Christian sacrifices in the palace; also of the great devotion of the emperor, and his annual offerings on Christmas-day. The popularity of the priest Y-son, and the universal reverence for the prime minister, Kono-tze-y, a great statesman and a Christian, at whose death the whole empire went into mourning for three years, being the mourning worn by children on the demise of their fathers. The evidence of this interesting inscription, a fac-simile of which exists in the Imperial Library at Paris, is conclusive as to the prosperity and extent of the Church during the eighth century.

Mention is here made of two unsuccessful persecutions. But it is probable that there were others subsequently, of which no record exists. It is certain also, that at that time the faithful had to contend with the heresy of Nestorius; for towards the beginning of the ninth century, Timothy, patriarch of the Nestorians, sent monks to preach to the Tartars and the Chinese. Indeed the Si-gan monument itself may have been erected by Nestorians; and this circumstance has induced most Protestant writers, as, for example, Mosheim, to acknowledge its authenticity. But however this may be, it appears that before the thirteenth century the lamp of faith had declined. Unlike other nations, the Chinese had not lastingly embraced the truth. But when the Crusades had given rise to freer communication between the East and West, and when the rise of the great Mongol scourge, Zingis-khan, directed the attention of Europe and the Church farther east still, then the cause of religion began again to revive. In the time of Zingis-khan and his successors, missionaries were sent into Tartary and China. Zingis had declared

an absolute toleration of all religions. In the words of Gibbon: "the various systems of Moses, of Mahomet, and of Christ, in freedom and in concord, were taught and practised within the precincts of the same camp; and the Bonze, the Imam, the Rabbi, the Nestorian, and the Latin priest, enjoyed the same honourable exemption from service and from tribute." Under these favourable circumstances, the Catholic missionaries met with large success. They had brought with them the ornaments of the altar, that they might attract the heathen; and they celebrated the ceremonies of religion before Tartar princes, who gave them an asylum in their tents, and even permitted them to erect chapels within the royal precincts. In the year 1250, St. Louis of France sent a mission into Mongolia, and Rubruk, the missionary employed, gives many curious particulars of his travels, showing the flourishing prospects of Christianity at that time. At Khara-Khoroum, the Mongol capital, he saw, not far from the royal palace, a building surmounted by a small cross. "Then," says he, "was I filled with joy; and I entered with confidence, supposing that I should find there something Christian. And I saw within an altar magnificently adorned. Hangings, embroidered with gold, displayed the image of our Saviour and of the Blessed Virgin, and of John the Baptist and of two angels, whose bodies and vestments were enriched with precious stones. There was also a great cross, wrought in silver, having pearls at the centre and at the extremities, with many ornaments, and an oil-lamp burning before the altar, having eight burners. And in the sanctuary was sitting an Armenian monk." This description of a chapel, so near the capital, shows an advanced state of Christianity. Rubruk further relates, that there were in those countries a vast number of Nestorians and of Greek Catholics, who solemnised the Christian rites in all freedom. Princes, and even emperors, received baptism and promoted the propagation of the faith.

Of these missionaries to China during the thirteenth

century, one of the most successful was John de Montarvin, a French priest, under whose labours the number of Christians had so much increased by the close of the century, that Pope Clement V. erected an archbishopric at Pekin, with four suffragan sees in the adjoining countries. And then occurred one of those wonderful relapses into paganism for which the celestial empire is so remarkable. During the fifteenth century communication was entirely interrupted between the East and West. China, notwithstanding all that had taken place, came to be reckoned among fabulous countries, and the history of Christianity during that period is lost; but when Father Matthew Ricci, from whom dates the existence of the present Church in China, reached the empire, all traces of the flourishing Church of the early ages, and the splendid revival in later times, had passed away. The Si-gan monument had not then been discovered, and nothing remained to show that the Gospel had ever been preached in the extreme East.

Intercourse between Europeans and the Chinese was just resumed by the Portuguese, when their viceroy at Goa entered into a commercial treaty with the authorities at Canton. But the cause of religion was not much promoted by this step, till the Portuguese, having rendered the Chinese an important service by ridding them of a dangerous pirate whose vessels infested their coasts, were permitted to establish themselves on a barren rock, where they built the town of Macao. Macao soon became an important place, although now its value has passed away. But for many years it was the centre from which missionaries went forth into Japan, Tartary, China, and other pagan countries of Asia. Francis Xavier was on his way thither when he was taken ill and died at Sancian, almost within sight of the country he had so long yearned to evangelise. But Almighty God provided others of a like spirit to follow out the enterprise, of whom the greatest was Father Matthew Ricci.

Father Ricci appears to have been endowed with all the qualities requisite for the great and arduous work which lay before him; zealous, ardent, and daring, but prudent, indefatigable, and judicious, with a soul unpalled by the magnitude of the undertaking, and conscious of his own power to execute it,—yet withal so humble and modest as to conciliate the prejudice of a proud and conceited people; above all, with a heart given to God, and enjoying that intimate union with Him which could alone render supportable the perilous life of an apostle. For more than twenty years he laboured without fruit. His seed seemed to be cast in barren ground, and to die as soon as it touched the soil; but at length he succeeded in making an impression upon the government. His acquaintance with many arts and sciences brought him into favour at court, and he took advantage of this influence to promote the cause of Christianity. Conversions then began to increase, and even churches to be built; and when he died in 1610, at the age of fifty-eight, worn out with labours, he had the satisfaction of leaving behind him a flourishing mission, and a numerous body of labourers, as zealous and able as himself. The progress of Christianity after his death was very rapid. During the next hundred years several emperors declared in favour of the faith; and whenever the government smiles upon it, the Chinese are ready to become Christians.

It was at this epoch, during the reign of Khang-hi, that the French began the missionary work in China which they have since carried on with so great zeal. The government of France, under the great Colbert, were engaged in the prosecution of geographical researches in all parts of the world, and, at a loss for scientific men bold enough to venture into the unknown regions of the East, bethought themselves of applying to the Jesuits, a body of men qualified by their learning to undertake the commission, and ready, as was well known, for any enterprise, however hazardous, which could advance the propagation of the faith. In 1685

six missionaries of the Company of Jesus, having been admitted members of the Academy of Science, set sail for Peking. They soon attracted the admiration and esteem of the people by their virtuous life, their learning, and their apostolic zeal. The Emperor Khang-hi loved them so well that he gave them a dwelling in his own palace, and a large piece of land hard by for the erection of a magnificent church, which he built at his own expense. In a formal decree he declared himself the protector of the Christian religion, and his example was followed by princes, dignitaries, and mandarins; so that in every province the word of God was freely preached. In a short time churches, chapels, and oratories sprang up; Christendoms were formed every where; the empire appeared on the eve of conversion.

In a few short years all these bright hopes were blasted. To Khang-hi succeeded Young-Ching, who persecuted the Christians as diligently as Khang-hi had favoured them; and Father Ganbil, a French missionary, writing in 1722 to the Archbishop of Toulouse, says, "I have been here a month, and am terribly shocked at the sad state of a mission which not long ago looked so prosperous. Every where are to be seen churches ruined, Christendoms dispersed, missionaries exiled. Religion is on the point of being proscribed." Two years later, another French missionary, Father de Mailla, writes word, "What we dreaded a little while ago has actually taken place—our holy religion is entirely proscribed in China. All the missionaries, except those at Peking, who are retained for their scientific services (that is, as interpreters, astronomers to draw up the annual calendar, &c.), have been driven from the empire, the churches have been demolished or desecrated, and edicts put forth prohibiting the practice of Christianity under the most severe penalties. Such is the deplorable state of a mission which for nearly 200 years has been fostered with sweat and blood." Thus the prosperity which was due to the protection of one emperor, had disappeared at the first breath of persecution from his successor.

There were, of course, great and glorious examples of constancy in the faith—many heroic martyrdoms; but the desertions were so numerous and lamentable, as to prove that Christianity had not struck deeper root than in former ages. The Chinese, otherwise so tenacious of ancient usages, have no firmness or energy when religion is concerned.

Then came another gleam of sunshine. When Young-Ching died, he was succeeded by Kien-Long, during whose extended reign the Christians were on the whole left unmolested. Their numbers insensibly increased, and all was going on well, when the suppression of the Jesuits in Europe put a stop to the propagation of the faith. The old missionaries died out, no new ones came forward to succeed them, and the flocks, abandoned by their pastors, showed the greatest weakness when the persecution under Kia-King, the successor of Kien-Long, broke out. Whole Christendoms disappeared. Churches exist to this day where not a Christian is to be found. The very poor alone remained faithful: possessing nothing to excite the cupidity of informers, or to draw off their affections from the world to come, they were left unmolested, and they preserved their faith.

Then we arrive at the present century. The propagation of the faith in China is carried on at this moment under far other circumstances than in former times. The missionaries are no longer admitted at court, enjoying the favour of the great, and going to and fro with the state of mandarins. They are proscribed throughout the empire; they enter it in disguise, with all the precautions which prudence can suggest; and they are compelled to live in hiding-places, if they would be safe from the vigilance of the magistrates. It is with the greatest danger that they can show themselves at all to the pagans, lest by any misfortune they should jeopardise, not their own lives only, but the whole well-being of the mission. Thus it is impossible for the missionary to act directly on the popu-

lation, and give free course to his zeal; not only can he not preach the Word of God publicly, but it is an act of great temerity, even in private, to speak to a pagan of whose goodwill he is not satisfied beforehand. His ministry is thus confined within very narrow limits. To go from one Christendom to another, to instruct and exhort neophytes, to administer the Sacraments to the faithful, to celebrate in secret the festivals of the Church, to visit the schools and encourage the master and his pupils,—this is the circle within which his labours are restricted.

And yet, notwithstanding all his precautions, a cruel death frequently puts a stop to his labours. In the following pages will be found the details of several glorious martyrdoms; of which, if we had space, a great number might be presented to the reader. Results are, indeed, gradually appearing—the number of Christians is increasing, but very slowly. The present state of Christianity in China is little consoling, considering how many centuries have been spent in preaching the Gospel—how many labourers have bathed the soil with their sweat—how many martyrs have shed their blood for the conversion of the country.

The cause of this opposition in the government, and inconstancy in the people, is certainly not devotion to any other religion. The authorities do not prohibit Christianity out of jealousy for Confucius, nor do the converts abandon it through any lingering affection for the worship of Buddha. As a nation, China is utterly sceptical. Infidelity is openly inculcated and practised. The Emperor Tao-Kaoung, some time before he came to the throne, issued a proclamation, in which he passed in review all the different religions known in the empire, including Christianity; and he ended with the conclusion that all were equally false, and that all ought to be despised alike.

There are three great religious systems in operation in China, all admitted by government to be equally good, harmless, and absurd. The first is that which

claims Confucius for its founder, a philosopher who flourished about six hundred years before the Christian era. His descendants, as founder's kin, fill the chief posts of honour in the state; his name is revered by more than 300,000,000 of men; temples are reared to his honour in every town; he is the saint *par excellence*. His religion consists in the simple philosophy of making the most of life. In this it is the exact opposite to Christianity, which sacrifices this world to the next. Whether Confucius at all admitted the existence of an Almighty, who should judge men according to their works, is not certain; but certainly no such doctrine is now taught by his followers, or enters practically into his system. Virtues are simply recommended, and vice forbidden, as bearing on the present happiness and social usefulness of man.

To his moral precepts were added a number of superstitious observances, which survive to this day. The state has preserved his worship of the heavens and earth, the stars, the mountains and rivers, and the souls of Ancestors, as a civil institution; and in this sense the system of Confucius may be said to be the established religion. It is the religion of the aristocracy and the men of letters. Each magistrate is a priest, and the emperor himself is patriarch. But the rites which they perform are mere ceremonies of state or social observances; and as such, were, with certain limitations, allowed by Father Ricci and the Jesuits. Other missionaries had scruples as to the lawfulness of this concession; and this difference of opinion was certainly prejudicial to the propagation of faith.

The second religion is that of Lao-tze, a contemporary of Confucius, whose philosophy is of a very exalted character indeed. He taught that before the chaos which preceded the birth of heaven and earth there existed one sole Being, vast, silent, unchangeable, always in action; and not knowing the real name of this Being, he called it Reason. Man was made from the earth, earth from the sky; the sky from Reason,

Reason from herself. His morality was equal to his dogma. Perfection consisted in being without passions, the better to contemplate the harmony of the universe. "There is no greater sin," said Lao-tze, "than unregulated desires; no greater misfortune than the sufferings which are their just punishment." The disciples of this elevated teaching are not worthy of their descent. They call themselves Rahmals, but they are guilty of the most irrational superstitions. They profess to be possessed of the elixir of immortality, on which they also call themselves the Immortals. But in this absurd claim lies their destruction, and they are of no repute except with the lowest of the people.

The third religion is the religion of Buddha, that vast religion which numbers more followers than any other system in the world, and extends more or less over the whole of Asia. Buddha, who by all accounts lived about 960 B.C., is regarded by his followers as a divine incarnation, a man-God, sent into the world to enlighten mankind and show them the way of salvation. The idea of a human redemption by a divine incarnation is common to Buddhism in Ceylon, in Thibet, in India, and in China, along with many other parts of the Christian faith. Some of the articles of the Buddhist creed—if creed there be where there is no faith—are so distinctly relics of revelation, that they may be briefly noticed here.

The mother of Buddha conceived by a divine influence while yet a virgin, and brought forth a son, who immediately gave evidence of his origin and his destiny by the wonderful miracles which he performed. After a retreat spent in the wilderness, during which the incarnate god prepared himself for his apostolic labours by fasting and mortification, he went through the world preaching the true faith. When he had completed his course, he was received up into heaven, and transformed into the god Zo, a being in substance one, but in person threefold. In the Buddhist temples these three forms of the one god, whose functions are seve-

rally assigned to the present, the past, and the future, occupy a prominent place behind the altar. Again, a conspicuous image in the temples is that of a lady holding an infant in her arms, of whom the following legend is told by the Bonzes. A virgin going to bathe in the sea, left her garments on the shore, and upon her return found a beautiful lotus lying upon them. The lotus she ate, and by it she conceived and bore a son; and after his birth she was elevated to receive divine honours under the name of Tien-how, which signifies Queen of Heaven. She is also styled Shing-Moo, which means Holy Mother; Kuan-Yin, that is, Goddess of Mercy. She is supposed to exercise a beneficial influence over the affairs of men, and is invoked by charms of all classes. Temples are dedicated to her honour, and inscriptions in her praise grace the doorways. For example: "To the Holy Mother, Queen of Heaven, the Goddess of Peace and Power, descended from the island of Montas, who stills the waves of the sea, allays storms, protects the empire." And again: "The ancient temple of the Goddess of the Golden Flower, through whose influence fields are green and fertile like a grove of trees, and benefits are diffused as the frothy waves of the sea that shine like splendid pearls." Over the altars are placed pictures, which, if any confidence may be placed in engraved representations of them, appear like Chinese versions of the Madonnas of Christian masters.

These facts have not been lost sight of by Protestant travellers in China, who do not hesitate to attribute the worship of Shing-Moo to the Jesuits, and are never tired of proclaiming the identity of the Chinese reverence for their goddesses with the devotion of Catholics to our Blessed Lady. But the legend of the lotus-flowers, and the consequent adoration of Shing-Moo, date back from the most remote antiquity; and in any case, the undoubted similarity is worthless as an argument against Catholics, unless Buddhism generally be of force against Christianity. For the parallel between the true and the false religions holds in a thousand other

particulars ; and if our invocation of the Star of the Sea be proved to be pagan from its likeness to the worship of the celestial Queen of the Ocean, in the same way the Incarnation and the Divinity of our Lord, and the mystery of the Trinity in Unity, must be surrendered ; for they may be traced in the virgin birth and deification of Buddha, and his transformation into the triune Fo. The more probable hypothesis is, that the Gospel was preached in China at a very early period, and again lost,—a theory quite in accordance with the subsequent history of Christianity in that empire ; and that the converts endeavoured to amalgamate the doctrines of the Church with the tenets of paganism, as Judaisers, Platonists, and others, attempting a compromise between their new faith and their old. This theory will account for all the phenomena ; and thus, so far from the similarity of the Buddhist worship of Shing-Moo being an argument against the *cultus Virginis*, it is a proof of its primitive antiquity. Whence could the Chinese derive it but from the Christian, whose successful labours are recorded in the monument of Si-gan-Fou ? It is a coincidence not unworthy of note, that the Chinese books trace the introduction of Buddhism into China to the first century of the Christian era.

These are the three great systems in China ; and in remote times were all living and energetic principles. The three sects were intolerant of each other, and constant bloodshed and disturbances were the consequence of their mutual rivalry. But they dispute no longer ; their dissensions have not resulted in the supremacy of either sect ; but in the destruction of all. They are dead bodies, with form indeed, but without life. Controversy has begotten scepticism, and the disciples of Confucius, Lao-tze, and Buddha, believe neither in their own nor in any other teaching ; while the government, in thus representing the popular opinion, and dreading the consequences of religious bigotry, maintains a strict religious equality of creeds, supports and despises all.

The intolerance of the state towards the Christian

religion is due not to any hatred of the religion itself, but to dread of European influence. All sects are tolerated in China as sects; but those which seem to be organised for the subversion of the reigning dynasty are put down without mercy. Since the fifth century, there have been more than fifteen revolutions in China, all ending in changes of dynasty. This frequent overthrow of government has rendered the Chinese court exceedingly sensitive of any influence not under its own control. When, therefore, Europeans are seen to propagate a particular religion, it is at once assumed that they act with a view to the eventual invasion of the empire; and the more zealous they show themselves for the conversion of the Chinese, the more the government are convinced that their fears are well-founded. Sceptical themselves, they have not faith in the religion of others; and that men should brave hardship and death to propagate their faith, they rashly discredit. The thing is too ridiculous in their eyes; not even a European could be guilty of such folly. They regard religion as a mere pretext; as the cloak beneath which the barbarians conceal their designs upon the Celestial throne.

The profession of Christianity is regarded, therefore, as treason; the martyrs for the faith are punished as rebels. And this idea is shared by all classes alike. The name of the Christian religion is Tien-tchou-kiao, that is, the religion of the Lord of Heaven,—the idea of God being expressed by Tien-Tchou. If you ask a mandarin whom the Christians adore, he will answer Tien-Tchou; and if you inquire further who this Tien-Tchou is, you will be told, Oh, that is well known,—Tien-Tchou is Emperor of the French. And this feeling is further strengthened by the popular notion entertained of their own emperor. China is the Celestial empire; the emperor is king of heaven and God. What more natural than that the Chinese, having this opinion of their own emperor, should imagine that the Europeans have the same of theirs? Thus every Catholic

priest is supposed to be the emissary of a foreign power. Are the Chinese alone herein; and is there no other empire in which the Catholic faith is hindered by the like groundless suspicions?

Still, an explanation is required of the popular inconstancy in retaining the faith. The true cause lies in the profound indifference of the Chinese mind to the things of another life. The Chinaman is wholly engrossed in his temporal concerns; money is the end to which every energy is devoted; a burning thirst to make a profit, never mind how small, absorbs every faculty. Spiritual things, things relating to the soul, to God, to a future life,—these he has not even the wish to be occupied with. If by chance he should read a moral or religious book, it is only by way of relaxation, to pass away the time, and as a matter of less consequence than smoking a pipe, or drinking a cup of tea. He will listen to an argument on the vanity of this world, and the truths of eternity, with the gravest acquiescence, and assent to every proposition. He will lament with the missionary the blindness of mankind in attaching themselves to a perishing world, and even break out himself into a glowing disquisition on the happiness of knowing the true God; and straightway he will rise up and go his way, as if he had been speaking a part in a comedy. He is as little interested in the subject as if he were specially excluded from its application. The Chinese carry this indifference so far, the religious sense is so dead within them, that they care not whether a doctrine be true or false, good or bad; a religion is simply a fashion, which they can follow when they have a taste for it. It is their natural hereditary indifference to all religion which makes the Chinese so slow to embrace Christianity, and so ready to give it up.

The women are by far the most devoted, and, indeed, form the mainstay of Christianity in China. By the usages of their country, they are doomed from their birth to a life of degradation and suffering. The birth

of a female child is regarded in the family as a male-diction from heaven; and if she is not at once smothered or exposed, she is at any rate brought up in the most abject misery. She is treated by every one, and especially by her own brothers, as of no use but to perform the lowest and most laborious offices. She has no pleasures or amusements; she receives no education, except in needle-work; she is condemned to vegetate in an ignorance the most absolute, and a loneliness the most complete, till her parents think of marrying her. But she is not consulted in this important event. She is a mere object of traffic, an article of merchandise; and the highest bidder has her. In her married life she is yet more miserable; her state of slavery is not improved, and she is at the mercy of a stranger. According to a Chinese expression, the bride must be in her house a mere shadow, a simple echo. She cannot sit down to meat with her husband, nor even with her sons; it is hers to wait at the table standing; to hold her tongue; to fill his cup and light his pipe. He has an entire right over her person and her life; he can beat her; he can starve her to death; he can sell her as he bought her; or he can give her away, or lend her for a time. And she, poor wretch, has no redress, and can find no one to pity her.

Is it strange, then, that the women of China, when once converted, should cleave, with all the warmth of their nature, to the faith which even in this life embles their condition? Christianity, discountenancing slavery by its doctrine of the confraternity of mankind by creation and redemption, especially forbids the enslaving of woman by its belief in the divine maternity of Mary. Even in childhood the Christian Chinese girl is regarded by her parents as created in the image of God, and heir, like themselves, of immortality, and, looking up to the Queen of Angels as her patron, is raised far above the pagan children of the same village. She is taught to pray; she is instructed; she is treated as one having a soul. But when she comes to marry,

then it is that the Christian wife chiefly appreciates the immeasurable distance there is between her and her pagan sisters. She has no rival, as they have, to contest her husband's love; she is the wife of his bosom, not the slave of his passions; she enjoys a liberty such as none of them possess. She is loved and respected by her own sons; and her daughters have no reason to lament their sex. And, in truth, the Christian women are profoundly impressed with what they owe to a religion which has drawn them out of the vile slavery under which they groaned, and which, besides conducting them to eternal life, has obtained for them even in this world joys and consolations that seemed beyond their reach. And grateful they are, full of fervour and zeal. They it is who maintain regularity and exactitude in prayer in the several Christendoms. They are to be seen braving the prejudice of public opinion, and performing works of Christian charity even towards pagans; tending the sick, receiving and adopting infants abandoned by their unnatural mothers. In the time of persecution, it is they who confess the faith before the face of the mandarins with the greatest courage and perseverance. And it would not be too much to say, that it is to them that is principally due the progress of the propagation of the faith in the Celestial empire.

China has often disappointed the hopes of the Church; yet the Church has never been discouraged. As soon as the storm has in the least subsided, labourers have appeared to preach the Gospel, not less devoted than those who went before. They have crossed the seas, and spread themselves over the country which has been ravaged by so many persecutions; hunting up anxiously the germs of the faith yet alive, cultivating them with eagerness, and every where sowing fresh seed. Their first care has always been to assemble the scattered Christians, and bring them to their duties; and to reconcile to God those families which have had the weakness to relapse during the persecution. During the last

twenty years the number of the missionaries has been increasing, and the greater part of the old Christendoms have been revived. New ones have also been formed by little and little, and in silence. The Holy See has erected in the eighteen provinces of China eighteen sees governed by vicars-apostolic, where the priests of foreign missions, Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Lazarists, labour night and day for the extension of the kingdom of God. Each vicariate possesses, besides a great number of schools for both boys and girls, a college for the education of native priests. There are also houses for religious women; and out of a horrible practice, fearfully prevalent in China, has arisen an institution from which the very best results are likely to arise. Infanticide is one of the crying iniquities of the Celestial empire. It is said that 3000 infants are annually exposed or murdered in the streets of Peking alone. These children are mostly females; but even boys are sacrificed by their unnatural parents, under the influence of poverty, vice, and superstition. The Christian missionaries have established asylums for the nurture and instruction of foundlings; and were their funds larger, there is scarcely a limit which could be set to the profitable fruits of these inestimable schools. The Chinese government has strictly forbidden the practice of infanticide; but a Christian institution, founded in France a few years ago, and lately introduced into China, called the Association of the Holy Infancy, has saved a vast number of children; and done more to check the exposure of others than the emperor with all his treasures and his legions of mandarins.

Protestants hardly exist in China, except in the five ports open to European commerce. In the island of Hong Kong, which was ceded to the British in 1842, the English government has founded a bishopric; but no Protestant missionaries have made any impression in the interior, and no Protestant martyr has been found to shed his blood for his faith. The operations

of the various English societies have been till lately confined to the distribution of Bibles—thousands and even millions of which have been showered upon the natives; but with so little success, that it has been thought necessary to vary the dissemination of the Scriptures with scientific works, as on the electric telegraph, and the like. The Evangelical missionaries must be strangely ignorant of the Chinese character and of Chinese civilisation, to suppose that any influence is to be obtained over the natives by the diffusion of works of which not a single Chinese understands one syllable. The only mode of converting the worldly, sceptical, conceited, pusillanimous inhabitants of China, is that pursued by the Catholic missionaries, and by them alone. Without wife or child, in utter contempt of this world's good, in indifference to danger; in readiness even to die, if need be, for the faith; in unity as to teaching,—for it is the ancient controversies between the followers of Confucius, Buddha, and Lao-tze which produced the national scepticism that now hinders the Gospel; in painfulness and self-denial and fasting;—this is the method by which for so many hundred years the light has been diffused throughout this benighted empire. And not a year passes but some glorious martyrdom ennobles the religion and advances the faith it was intended to destroy.

The persecution is nowhere more severe throughout the East than in the province of Cochin China. The Emperor Minh-Minh has shown himself a bitter enemy of Christianity. On his accession to the throne he avowed his intention of extirpating Christianity in his dominions, and pronounced a eulogy on the conduct of the King of Japan, who had placed the cross on all the crossings, that the passengers might insult it as they passed. Then followed a terrible period of distress and persecution for the sixty thousand Catholics scattered over that vast territory. Of the missionaries many were martyred, both European and native. We have selected the narratives of their deaths, those of three

French priests and one Anamite; we have also given the martyrdom of a priest in China Proper. What results may not be expected from such heroism as these noble confessors of the faith displayed!

I. MARTYRDOM OF M. MARCHAND IN COCHIN CHINA.

Nov. 30, 1835.

M. Marchand, whose death occurred under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, was a native of France, and early showed a desire to earn the crown of martyrdom. He left Europe in 1827, to join the mission in Cochin China. When the persecution under Minh-Minh broke out, he was the only European in that part of the country, and was the object therefore of the closer search. He had abundant opportunities of flight; but he disdained to quit his post, and chose rather to be concealed with some generous Christians of his flock till better times should come. It is possible that he might altogether have escaped, but that a cruel war broke out in the country. Two disaffected officers, Nghiêm and Khôi, excited a revolt, and possessed themselves of Gia Dinh, an ancient royal city. Nghiêm returned to his allegiance, and Khôi continued the insurrection alone, fortifying himself in Gia Dinh, and defending himself obstinately against the king's troops. M. Marchand fell into his hands, and was treated with great kindness by the rebel chief; not certainly from any affection for the Christian religion, but in order to attract to his own side the numerous Christians of the province. Of the missionary's life during the two years and a half that he was in Khôi's power, it is only known that he was permitted to execute the duties of his ministry freely. Khôi, however, died of sickness during the siege, and in September 1835 Minh-Minh carried the place by assault. Twelve hundred men were put to the sword;

but the Christian missionary, along with four of the leaders in the revolt, were reserved for more signal vengeance. Enclosed in cages, they were all sent to Hué, the capital, where they arrived on 15th October following.

M. Marchand was examined immediately on his arrival. The trial was ushered in by the ostentatious display of divers instruments of torture, scourges, rods, pincers, and tongs, for the intimidation of the prisoners. But the Christian priest was unshaken by any thing he saw, and answered the questions which were put to him in perfect calmness.

"Are you Phû-Koai-Uhon?" (the name given by the king to the Bishop of Isanropolis in 1827).

"No, I am not."

"Where is he, then?"

"I do not know."

"But you know him?"

"Yes; but I have not seen him for a long time."

"How many years have you been in this kingdom?"

"Two years."

"Have you assisted Khôi to make war?"

"Khôi took me prisoner by force, and watched me strictly. I did nothing but pray and celebrate the holy Mass. I know nothing of the art of war."

"Did you not send letters to Siam, to rouse the Christians there in behalf of the rebels?"

"Khôi commanded me to do so; but I refused, because my religion forbid it. I said I would rather die than obey his orders. After that I was more closely watched than ever."

The rebel chiefs were then examined. They sought to inculcate the European missionary, in revenge for this refusal of his to throw the weight of his influence with the Christians into their scale. On his second examination he was informed of the charges laid against him; and as he persisted in asserting his innocence, he was put to the torture, which was of the most horrible kind,

—pieces of flesh were pulled from his thighs with red-hot pincers. Father Marchand invariably replied at each interrogation during his torture, that he was accused falsely, and was no rebel. But he was not believed. In his agony he raised his eyes to heaven; and sighs and groans, but no confession, forced their way from his breast.

He underwent a third examination without torture, after which he was placed in a cage only two-and-a-half feet high, three feet long and two feet broad, so that he could neither sit nor lie at ease. The other prisoners were put in similar cages hard by in the same prison. A small sum daily was allowed them for food by the king, but very little of it reached the sufferers. Charitable persons were, however, permitted to approach the cages and give them alms.

For nearly six weeks he lived cramped-up in the most painful posture; but at length St. Andrew's day was fixed for the execution. At sun-rise seven guns were fired, for the assembling of the mandarins who were to execute the sentence of death. Father Marchand and the rebel chiefs were taken out of their cages and brought to the place of execution, naked from the waist upwards. They were first led before the king, and compelled to make five obeisances with their foreheads to the ground; after which the tyrant gave orders that the executions should proceed. Their other garments were then removed, except a belt round the middle, and a label containing the name round the neck. Thus naked, they were laid upon their backs on stretchers, and covered with a cloth; each stretcher was borne by four men; and so they were conducted to the place of execution.

But on their way the *cortège* stopped. The hatred which Minh-Minh bore to the Christian religion was not to be appeased by the infliction of a punishment which every rebel not guilty of Christianity had to endure. For the missionary were reserved special torments, and the prisoners were accordingly conducted to

the torture-chamber, that the martyr for the faith might undergo the question. This act of cruelty, designed by Minh-Minh to gratify his personal spite against M. Marchand, redounded to the greater glory of God; for had the confessor suffered simply as a rebel, though not the less a martyr on that account, his martyrdom had at least been obscured by the equal sufferings of undoubted criminals; whereas, by making a distinction between the confessor and the rebels, the people perceived that the European suffered those burnings for the faith of Jesus Christ, and not for rebellion.

At the door of the torture-chamber, the martyr started at the sight of the fire in which the irons were heating; for his old wounds were not yet healed, and the remembrance of his former agony produced an involuntary shudder in his whole frame. By this movement the cloth that covered his body was deranged, and the crowd set up a shout of derisive laughter at the sight of his white shoulders. He is then seized by the legs. At a signal from the mandarin inside the house, five executioners take five large pairs of tongs from the fire, red-hot, each a foot-and-a-half long, and catch up the flesh of his thighs in five different places. He cried out in his agony, and a fetid smoke arose from the burning flesh; but the glowing irons were kept there till they grew cold, and then put into the fire to heat again. Lest the executioners, out of pity, should spare their victim, soldiers with rods were placed behind each, ready to strike him if he showed any signs of humanity. The crowd of spectators were divided; some of them looked on and jeered the "Father of the religion of Jesus," others mingled their cries with his.

Immediately after the torture the criminal mandarin put the following question: "Why do Christians tear out the eyes of the dying?" The missionary collected his strength to say, "It is not the case; I know of nothing of the kind." The tyrant Minh-Minh had revived this old heathen calumny, founded on the anointing the eyes in extreme unction.

He was then condemned to a second torture, which was an exact repetition of the first. When the irons were again cold, he was asked: "Why do persons about to be married come before the priest at the altar?" "They come," said the martyr, "to make known their alliance to the priest in the presence of the congregation, and obtain the benedictions of Heaven."

Upon that they passed to the third torture, when five more wounds were burned in his quivering flesh; making in all fifteen, besides those he had received six weeks before. He was then asked, "What is that enchanted bread, given to those who have confessed, that makes them so strong in their religion?" "It is not bread at all," said the martyr; "it is the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, incarnate for our sakes, given to be the nourishment of the soul."

Then ceased the torture. It is not to be supposed, that in putting these questions to our holy martyr, the tyrant had any desire to know more of the mysteries of the faith, for he was in possession of all the books used by the missionaries in the instruction of their converts. He desired rather to hold up the Christian religion to ridicule in the person of its priest. After the torture, food was given, according to the custom of the country, to the criminals about to die. The mandarin told the slaves to ask the brave European what he would have to eat. M. Marchand refused to eat any thing; but the other persons took their last repast. Absorbed with the thought of death, and prostrate with pain, he remained outside with the multitude of spectators.

When the feast was over, the mandarin delivered the five prisoners to the executioner. They were all stripped of their cloth, a gag was put in their mouths, either to stop their cries or to prevent them from addressing the multitude, and they were then carried off on their stretchers to Tho-duc, a Christian settlement, about a league from Hué, where he was to die, for the terror of the inhabitants.

Five gibbets, formed in the shape of a cross, had

been erected in a line, ready for the execution. The stretchers were brought close up, a prisoner to each gibbet, M. Marchand occupying the second place to the left. Cans containing the heads of two of the chief rebels who had been killed in battle, were also placed in the same line, in token that they had deserved the same fate. An immense crowd surrounded the gibbets, at a distance of thirty paces. The executioners then untied the victims from their stretchers, took off the labels round their necks, and without giving them time to make the least movement, seized them by the arms, placed their bodies up against the uprights, and tied them round the middle. They then stretched out their arms along the cross-pieces, leaving the legs and feet free. Two executioners then, armed with cutlasses, placed themselves on the two sides of each victim, ready to begin the work of butchery as soon as the appointed signal should be given. Then came a roll on the drums; when it ceased, the savages flung themselves upon their victims. Those by M. Marchand began at his chest, and with one slice cut off a large lump of flesh six inches long. The heroic martyr endured it without a struggle. They approach him again, and two more slices fall to the ground. Convulsed with pain, the sufferer raised his eyes to Heaven, to pray for pardon upon his torturers, and offer up the sacrifice of his life. They seize him again, and the knives descend to the legs, and again two pieces of flesh are sliced from his body; then nature gave way, the martyr's head fell forwards, and the soul of the confessor fled away to heaven. "Strike again, butcher! but the corpse cannot feel; thou hast already given the martyr his crown." With his left hand the executioner then seized his hair and adjusted the head, and with his right cut it off at a single blow, and hurled it into a tub of lime. As if all this was not enough, the mutilated trunk was detached from the gibbet and cut into four pieces. All these details are given from the mouth of a Cabchut, who was an eye-witness of the whole dreadful spectacle.

Lest the portions of the martyr's body should be honoured by the Christians, they were carefully collected and sent to the nearest port, with orders to the commanding mandarin to send them out in a vessel, and sink them in the deep sea. The head was then enclosed in a chest, and sent from province to province as a warning to all Christians. It was then brayed in a mortar and flung into the sea.

II. M. CORNAY.

MARTYRED IN HONG-KONG, SEPT. 20, 1837.

Jean Charles Cornay landed at Macao in March 1832; he went there only a deacon, not having been more than twenty-two years of age when he left Europe. But he was soon afterwards ordained priest by Mgr. Havard, Vicar-Apostolic. Disguised as a Chinese, he penetrated as far as the royal city of Tong-king, where for a considerable time no European had been seen, and applied himself in the neighbouring mountains to the study of the language. There he remained three years and a half, suffering greatly from a disease in the eyes, and from general debility, produced by the unhealthiness of the climate; but still engaged in the constant discharge of his arduous duties. At the close of that period an edict was issued against all European missionaries, upon occasion of the martyrdom of M. Marchand; and Father Cornay was seriously advised to retire from a mission, the difficulties of which his physical weakness, under this fresh persecution, rendered it impossible for him to encounter. With great grief he had almost determined on returning to Europe, when, in June 1837, he was seized in a Christian village called Bau-No, where he had considered himself in perfect security. A bandit chief, who owed a grudge to that village because he had been refused an asylum there, was the unintentional cause of his arrest.

On Thursday, 20th January, 1837, at day-break, a labourer of Bau-No observed the place surrounded with soldiers. He gave the alarm, but escape was impossible; the military had taken possession of every avenue. Father Cornay was just about to say Mass; but as not a moment was to be lost, he was hurried away by one of his flock and concealed in a thick bush in the very centre of the soldiers' quarters. He was so close to them that he heard every word that passed; but he would probably have escaped, if the colonel of the regiment had not put the mayor to the torture, and so ascertained the existence of a European in the village. The thickets were all closely searched; but it was not till four o'clock in the evening that his hiding-place was discovered. When they came to his bush, they pushed in a long iron-shod lance; and the missionary, choosing rather to testify openly for the faith than perish for it in hiding, walked from his place of concealment. However, he did not surrender himself till he saw that discovery was inevitable, and he thus describes the search: "They set about examining all the bushes in the village, and as the danger was imminent, I said my chaplet. You may imagine to which of the mysteries I applied the decades; you may imagine also what sacrifice I offered in place of the Holy Mass; and what meditation supplied the meditation of the day." When he was seen, they tied his hands behind his back, and led him away. They had already discovered his chasuble, on which were embroidered the forms of Jesus crucified and of the Holy Virgin. This chasuble was now worn on the back of the mandarins, and as the prisoner was led away, his eyes fastened upon this image while he offered to Jesus and Mary the homage of his soul. When they observed this, they made him explain the meaning of those representations. Making the sign of the cross very distinctly, he unfolded to them the great mystery of his faith, and thus on several occasions he took advantage of questions of curiosity to speak of Jesus Christ. But his words fell on the hard highway; and though he

was always listened to attentively, it does not appear that he ever made any converts on these occasions.

They then fastened the canque about his neck, that instrument of torture which has been to so many martyrs in China the aureole of glory. However, in Tongking the canque is not so large and ponderous as in China, where, by its size, all communication is cut off between the arms and the head. It is simply formed of two pieces of wood tied by four sticks, of which two unite the extremities, and the other two clip the neck. The wearer is left quite free in all his motions; but it is, nevertheless, a very painful and wearisome infliction, and Father Cornay was unable to sleep the first night that he wore it. The next morning a search was made for all his objects of devotion. The Christians had taken them away and hid them in different houses, but they were most of them discovered by means of the torture. One old woman feigned to be in her agony, and the searchers forbore to disturb her, and thus she saved many objects of religion. His papers were burned, as useless, being written in European characters. If they had fallen into the hands of the government interpreter, serious injury to the Church would have been the result, as they contained catalogues of priests, catechists, and communicants, besides other important information. They allowed him to retain the use of six of his books, and were much delighted to hear that he said his prayers out of them. The colonel gave him a crucifix also. The other objects, sacred vessels, books, &c., they examined with great curiosity, but not, as may be imagined, with all the reverence of a sacristan. This seizure was, however, a terrible loss to the mission; for the other priests were left without wine, wheat for the hosts, and the instrument for making the altar-breads.

To enhance the value of his prize, the colonel determined to treat the missionary as a rebel and a prisoner of state. The canque was accordingly taken off, and he was fastened into a cage. The change was a great relief

to him, as the canque had begun to chafe his shoulders; and in this cage he was carried off to the seat of government to receive his sentence. It had no covering, and yet it was left in the open air when the *cortège* stopped for the night. However, the colonel allowed him to have an altar-cloth for protection from the cold. On the road he learned that the soldiers had been in search of a rebel when they came to Bau-No, and not finding him, had laid their hands on the missionary. He spent his time, to the great astonishment of every one, in reading, praying, singing, and talking, by turn. He had a beautiful voice, and the chants of the Psalms and tones of the hymns which he sang were so different from the music of the country, that his fame as a singer preceded him; and when they came to the prefecture, and he was brought before a mandarin, that functionary required him to sing for his amusement. He excused himself on the ground that he was fasting; but the mandarin refused to give him any thing to eat till he had heard his voice, and the missionary accordingly sang such old songs of Mont Morillon as he could recollect. The soldiers and people crowded round his cage, and from that moment he had to play the part of a bird that is kept to please its master by its beautiful warbling. After he had sung, the *cortège* proceeded till they came to the governor-general's.

They entered the town in quite a grand procession: first came a hundred and fifty soldiers; then the cage, carried by eight bearers, and crowned with the crimson altar-cloth; then as many more soldiers, and the mandarins under a canopy. In the rear, two unhappy Christians were dragged along, tied together by their canques. Perhaps the entry would have been more imposing to a European eye if the dress of the soldiers had been less grotesque: with red turbans, shaped like the cover of a stew-pan; black legs and feet, bare to the knee; loose and very ragged pantaloons, and parti-coloured sleeves. Such was the *cortège*, in the middle of which the confessor of the faith entered the chief

place of government of the western province. It is no slight token of his great cheerfulness that he should have noticed such things as these. This place, called Doai, is the very place where, five years before, he had lived disguised as a Chinese. It consists of a single fortress, which at once answers the purpose of palace, courts, prisons, barracks, and granaries. In front of the governor-general's apartments the procession stopped, and the governor-general came out and regarded the European with a long stare, and then went in again. But he intimated that in a few days the prisoner would be sent to the court of Minh-Minh, to be dealt with at his discretion. As soon as the governor had retired, a crowd of children and idlers gathered round the cage, and asked Father Cornay a number of questions. All he would say, however, was, "I am not afraid."

"No, be not afraid," they said; "we are not going to hurt you; but we have never seen a European before."

To please them, he was made to purchase his dinner with a song, and he sang a couplet to the Holy Virgin.

The cage he had hitherto occupied was only a temporary construction hastily put together at Bau-No; but now he was put into another, that was to be his permanent abode. He was also chained by a chain of a singular construction: one large ring is passed round the neck, the chain then descends to the middle, and divides into two, one part of which is fastened by a similar ring to one leg, and the other by another ring to the other leg, and these rings are fastened by rivets; so that they are never moved till death or bribery sets the prisoner free. The weight of it is about eight pounds, and the prisoners are sometimes made to bear the expense of their own chains. The chain having been put upon him, he was placed in the cage, and tied to it by the arms as before. It was the same size as the other, high and broad enough to move easily about, but not long enough to lie down at night in. It was about four feet every way, and rested on four legs six

inches high. There were four handles, by which it was transported from place to place. It was boarded at the top and bottom, and the sides all round were ornamented with bars of wood, crossed, after the usual Chinese fashion, about six inches apart.

As access to Father Cornay was now easy enough, a Christian woman, a religious, contrived to see him and exchange a few words. He desired her to obtain a calendar from M. Marette, a missionary in the neighbourhood. M. Marette sent the calendar, and at the same time wrote a few words of encouragement. The success of this first attempt emboldened him to proceed, and thus a regular correspondence became established. M. Marette had simply the precaution to send his note concealed in the food which was carried to the holy confessor. Father Cornay, on his side, had obtained paper from the colonel to write out the history of his confinement to send to his family, and so contrived to write many other things; for every thing he wrote was supposed to have relation to his diary. The Chinese were never tired of seeing him write, their own mode being clumsy and complicated to the last degree. In his letter to M. Marette, he relates every thing that occurred to him, and it is through this channel that we are acquainted with the details of his captivity. He also forwarded, through him, several letters to his parents in France. His writings are full of the most holy sentiments, and lit up with an air of cheerfulness very remarkable in one so enfeebled with sickness.

On the 24th June, the festival of his patron saint, six months after his capture, he was informed that, for the sum of 10,000 francs, the governor-general would pardon him and the village of Bau-No, and forward him to Macao. This was a more honest proposition than had been made by the commander of the soldiers, who had asked 100,000 francs. The authorities, unable to realise the exalted motive which leads missionaries from their own homes to encounter danger and death in a foreign country, are under the conviction

that they come over to make money, which they remit to Europe, that when they have amassed enough, they may return and spend it. So renowned a preacher as M. Cornay must needs be very rich, and the governor-general was determined to demand a high ransom. The missionary assured him, that so far from making money in China, he could only support his mission by the alms he received from Europe. He promised, however, to acquaint the people at Bau-No with his proposal; and so he did. But the wretched cottagers could scarcely support their own lives, far less obtain so large a sum as the general's avarice demanded, and nothing came of the application.

In about three weeks arrived the king's order to the mandarins to decide the matter according to their judgment. The missionary began to think that he should escape, on account of their general kind treatment of him; but he soon discovered his mistake. The mandarins were determined to advance their favour with the king by accomplishing his death. He was confessedly a Christian; they would also make him out to be a rebel; and they endeavoured to make him criminate himself. As he refused to confess a crime of which he was not guilty, they suborned witnesses to prove him in league with the rebels. The holy missionary bore all with patience, only complaining that he was going to be a victim of malice and treachery, instead of a martyr for the faith. But as the certainty of death increased, so also did his courage; and when the colonel one day taunting him, said, "Can you sing now?" he answered with the French hymn:

"La religion nous appelle,
Sachons vaincre, sachons mourir," &c.

When they took him back to his cage on one occasion, after a most cruel scourging, he sang the *Salve Regina*. Now they put upon him a canque, and tied him to the cage by a cord to his foot, which caused him intolerable agony. They were not content with once

or twice endeavouring to extort a confession from our holy martyr; he was for nearly two months subjected to constant examinations, and he was thrice scourged. They employed a very cruel mode of torture. Instead of using the simple rod, flexible twigs were employed, loaded at the end with lead, and about three feet long. The reader may imagine the force which a powerful executioner may put into the blow, by comparing his instrument with a weapon in common use with us for the preservation of life. But he bore all with heroic constancy. In writing home to his father and mother, he says: "My blood has flowed in my torments, and must yet flow twice or thrice before I have my limbs and my head cut off. I have wept to think of the pain you will feel in learning these details; but let the thought that when you read these lines I shall be in heaven to intercede for you, console you, as well on your own account as on mine. Do not bewail the day of my death, for it will be the happiest of my life; it will be the close of sorrow and the beginning of bliss. After all, my torments are not so cruel as they might have been; they let my old wounds heal before they inflict new ones. I shall not be pinched with red-hot tongs like M. Marchand; and if they cut off my four limbs and my head, five executioners will strike me at once, so that I shall not have very much to suffer. Console yourselves, therefore; in a short time all will be over, and I shall be waiting for you in heaven."

On the 29th of August he was brought up for his third and last torture. They tried first to make him trample on the cross; but he threw himself down and kissed it, and pressed it to his heart. If they had shown him but little mercy on former occasions, now he was beaten with greater cruelty than ever. He was not suffered to return to his cage till he had received sixty-four blows with a new rod. When he was shut up in it after his torture, they told him to stretch forth his foot. Expecting that they were going to pinch it with tongs, he obeyed, offering it to Jesus Christ; but they

had no intention then of torture, but of insult. The cross that he would not himself trample on they placed under the sole of his foot, that after his death they might pervert the action to the scandal of the Church of Christ. M. Cornay took care that M. Marette should know he had not consented.

At length the day of his martyrdom was fixed. M. Marette had told him he would keep All Saints in heaven; and so it was. It is remarkable that he had inquired of his friend the exact date of the Ember-days, that he might fast; and it was on Ember-Wednesday that he received his crown.

It was the 20th of September, 1837. About one in the afternoon a courier was seen approaching the town bearing a flag. A Christian soldier instantly divined the object of his arrival, and informed the good woman whom we have already mentioned. She having hastily given orders to her old servant to provide two mats for the approaching execution, to stretch under the holy martyr, ran to his prison to announce the tidings to the prisoner himself. In another hour he was on his way to death.

About two o'clock appeared the fatal escort. It issued by the western gate of the fortress, and passed along the south side to the high-street. M. Cornay was alone in his cage without any of his companions. Four hundred soldiers head the procession; around the prisoner are the executioners with swords drawn and hatchets raised. In front is carried a board, on which the sentence is inscribed. Behind come cymbals, giving from time to time their mournful notes. Last of all, on horseback, follows the presiding officer of the execution. No Europeans had ever been executed in that place before, and the novelty of the spectacle drew a great crowd of spectators, among them many Christians from the neighbourhood; but these abstained from all external marks of sorrow. During the circuit of the fortress the martyr sang songs of joy; while they were passing the high-street, and all the remainder of the way, he

was in prayer. The idolaters were astonished at his tranquillity, and could not conceive its source. The escort having at length passed clear of the street, leaves the high road, and turns into a neighbouring field which had been selected for the place of execution. The march had occupied twenty minutes. On their arrival at the appointed spot, the cage with the martyr in it is set down in its place; the soldiers form a ring round it, to keep off the crowd who are pressing from behind. The presiding officer, with a cymbal and speaking-trumpet, takes his station outside the ring, and in a conspicuous place hard by is set up the board inscribed with the sentence. It ran as follows:

“The man called Tan, whose true name is Cao-Lang-Ne (the nearest approximation to Cornay of which the Chinese alphabet is susceptible), of the kingdom of Phu-Lang-Sa (of France), and of the town of Loudun, is found guilty of heading a rebellion. The supreme edict ordains that he be cut in pieces, and that his head be cast into the sea after it has been exposed for three days. Let this just sentence leave a universal impression. Given this 21st day of the eighth moon of the eighteenth year of the reign of Minh-Mihn.”

This is the greatest of all punishments, and reserved for criminals of state. It consists in having the arms and legs *first* cut off, and then the head, after which the trunk is quartered. Although the limbs are usually chopped off by four different executioners, and as nearly as possible at the same moment, still one can conceive what intolerable agony the poor wretch has to endure before decapitation relieves him from his sufferings. As a missionary, and indeed merely for being a European, M. Cornay must have died; but unless judged to be implicated in a revolt, he would never have been condemned to be cut in pieces. And now the cage is opened at the top, and inclined, to let the prisoner out. The martyr is then made to sit down on the ground while the chain is taken off. This operation is often performed with great brutality; but in this case the smith is a Chris-

tian, and he has the credit of having so skilfully opened the three rings, that the father was not aware of its execution. The man asked for a remembrance of him, and the missionary plucked out some of his hair and gave it to him. Then the executioners plant four stakes in the ground, each about a foot long, to which to attach the arms and feet of their victim. The old servant offers the two mats she had brought; but being forbidden to enter the ring, she sends them by the executioners. They lay them down on the ground, side by side; upon them they place the mat out of the cage, and over all the altar-cloth, folded in four, which the mandarin had given him for a covering. Such is the altar on which the sacrifice is to be offered up.

Then the martyr is stripped of some of his clothes, and laid face downwards upon the altar-cloth. The executioners fasten his hands and feet to the stakes, and drive in two other stakes, one on each side of the neck, to hold his head firm. Natives only require one stake, to which the head is attached by means of thin long hair. The arms are stretched out in the form of a cross, but the feet are kept close together.

These preparations occupied twenty minutes; and now the voice of the officer is heard through the speaking-trumpet, inquiring if all is ready. A hundred voices answer "Yes!" upon which he gives the following orders to the executioners: That after the first stroke of his cymbal they should first cut off the *head* of the prisoner; then the limbs, and then quarter the trunk. This order excited universal astonishment, as in direct opposition to custom and the royal sentence; but it was attributed to the mandarin's humanity. Probably the officer felt that the man was not a rebel, and should not suffer the whole of a rebel's punishment. In any case he is worthy of all praise; for if his act of pity had reached the ears of the king, he must have been seriously compromised. However, the executioners prepare to obey the mandarin's orders. With uplifted swords they stand by their victim, and wait for the

appointed signal. The most powerful of them is placed at his head.

In painful suspense, and with eyes fixed upon the victim, the crowd wait for the stroke of the cymbal. Scarcely is it heard, when, with a single blow, the head is struck off, and the martyrdom is consummated. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The executioner takes the head by the ear, lifts it up, and throws it to some distance; then, like a wild beast, he licks his sword. The rest of the sentence is then performed: the arms are cut off at the elbows, and the legs at the knees, and the several parts are thrown aside, while the trunk which remains is cut into four parts. Horrible to relate, the executioners cut off morsels of the liver and devour them. The Chinese executioners have a superstition that the liver of great criminals is hard, and communicates to the eater the courage of the criminal in life. In this case the men remarked that the martyr could not have been a rebel, for his liver was soft. One of them tore off the nails, and kept them; with what object is not known.

After the execution, the cage, irons, and sentence of the martyr were taken away. But no one touched the clothes. The head was caught up by a boy, who ran with it through the town, terrifying all whom he met; it was soon taken from him by the soldiers. At the moment of his execution, it is said that the martyr gave one of his habits to an executioner, and that it was redeemed for twenty sous. The crowd remained on the spot, curious to see what the Christians would do. A physician and a sub-officer, both Christians, the religious and her old servant, came and gathered up the bits of flesh which were scattered here and there. As another religious, who ought to have arrived with linens prepared for the purpose, had not come, they began to soak up the blood with whatever they could find—the martyr's clothes, paper, handkerchiefs. Instantly the whole crowd, Christians and pagans, rush to possess themselves of some drops of that precious blood. This

act on the part of the Chinese idolaters is the more strange, since they have the greatest horror of the corpses of criminals; and it is forbidden throughout the province to collect the blood of any who have died a violent death. These relics were avowedly collected as charms against evil spirits. The execution became a general subject of conversation, and the collection of his blood, especially, was talked of as a very singular event. The remains of the martyr were religiously interred. The several parts of his body were collected and put into a coffin, and buried in the place of execution. Such was the sepulchre of the martyr; in life counted a rebel, and his grave with the graves of murderers. But Jesus, too, was numbered with the malefactors.

In July 1838 M. Marette succeeded in obtaining possession of his coffin. It was then enclosed in another coffin of great splendour, presented by a rich Christian family, and a solemn funeral service was held. Father Trien said a Mass of thanksgiving, and M. Marette the usual Requiem, and the holy relics were laid up in the most retired chamber of the convent.

III. PIERRE DUMOULIN BORIE.

MARTYRED IN TONG-KING, DEC. 2, 1838.

Pierre Dumoulin Borie arrived at Tong-king in the year 1832, being then twenty-four years of age. He had left France with a burning desire to be a martyr, and a certain conviction that he should never see his home again. "Farewell till the day of the resurrection," were his words on taking leave of his dearest friends. For six years he laboured amid the greatest dangers and privations, living in the very fire of persecution; till at length he obtained the crown he so ardently desired. At the moment of his capture he had

just been nominated Bishop of Acanthus; but he died without other consecration than of his own blood.

The mandarins had long been on his track; and at length, through treachery, he fell into their hands. A disciple called Peter Tu was also taken; but he would have been set at liberty on account of his youth, if he had not passionately begged to be allowed to share his master's captivity. Canques were put upon their necks, and they were led away to prison together. They found there already two native priests, Father Diem and Father Khoa, and a catechist of the name of Antoine Nam, besides other confessors.

Mgr. Borie was taken before the mandarin, who sought to make him compromise others. As he would reveal nothing, the judge asked him whether he would maintain the same reserve under the torture. He answered, "I dare not flatter myself till I try." He was then cast into prison again, and loaded with irons. Here he passed his days in chanting the Psalms, singing hymns with his fellow-prisoners for the faith, and answering the questions of his jailors. A great number of visitors came to see him, and he was allowed to speak to them freely of Jesus Christ. They were so struck with his holy joy, notwithstanding the weight of the canque upon his shoulders, that many of them expressed their intention to embrace the faith. The Christians from that time began to be left unmolested; the arrest of this shepherd was the safety of his flock.

When he was brought before the prefect, he was asked how old he was, what vessel he had come over in, how long he had lived in the country, and what place he had lived in. To all of these questions, except the last, he answered plainly.

"Well," said the court, "we take a great interest in you, for you are no highway robber. Your faith is your only crime, and we wish we could spare you. But the king's orders are very strict, and we must put you to the question."

"I know it," said the martyr calmly.

Preparations were immediately made for the torture. Four stakes were driven into the ground, and his hands and feet were tied to them. Under his stomach and under his chin were placed tiles; and in this position they gave him thirty blows with a bamboo upon his back. For the first twenty blows he uttered not a sound, although his flesh was in strips and streaming with blood. At the ten last he was heard to groan; but he gave no sign of submission. They noticed that he had his handkerchief in his mouth all the time.

"That will do," said the mandarin to the executioners; "it is waste of time to beat this man." Then to the missionary, "Are you in pain?"

"I am flesh and blood like other people," was his answer; "but I am just as happy after being tortured as before."

"Ah, the courage of a European is unconquerable. Now try the disciple Tu. We shall succeed with him."

The brave young Christian received no less than a hundred-and-ten blows in four questions: thirty the first time; on the third day, before the wounds had cicatrised, as many more; after which not a particle of his natural skin remained. In eleven days he received again thirty blows, and shortly afterwards a final bastinado. Yet his courage never for an instant failed. The mandarins could not conceal their astonishment. "The young man, no doubt, is ambitious of being one day at the head of his religion; and fully equal he is to the post." Under God, he owed his constancy to the example and the lessons of his master. Before they were taken to the prefecture, Mgr. Borie had torn his handkerchief in two, and given him one half, and kept the other half himself. "If you wish to follow me," he said, "arm yourself with courage. Take care you make no revelation which will compromise any one else." That handkerchief was like the mantle of Elias; it conveyed to the disciple his master's spirit. Mgr. Borie was also several times put to the question, but always without success.

"Why are you so obstinate?" said the mandarin one day.

"Because you beat me like a brute. In my country a man is tried, and if guilty, punished; but he is not tortured till he makes a confession."

"But what if the king calls you to the capital? There you will find a huge fire and red-hot pincers, and your flesh will be torn away in bits. How will you stand that?"

"When the king calls me I shall see. I dare not presume upon my strength beforehand."

At last the sentence was passed; he was condemned to be beheaded. The two native priests were to be strangled, and the other confessors were to remain in custody till the tyrant had fixed a day for their execution. As soon as the warrant arrived, the jailor ordered a fowl to be dressed for the three fathers, according to the invariable custom of the country, to regale those who are going to be put to death. It happened to be Saturday, on which day they always fasted. Mgr. Borie intimated to the jailor that they could eat no meat that day. However, to please the Mandarin Bo, they consented to take a little wine. Then all the other prisoners rose to salute the three martyrs for the last time. Mgr. Borie did not forget the heroic Tu. Before leaving the catechist he gave him to Wam, and said, "This young lad is as my own son. If you have any affection for myself, transfer it to him when I am gone." They all parted with mingled sobs and smiles, and the kind jailor expressed his sorrow that the execution could not be deferred for another day, to let them enjoy the death-feast. The three martyrs thanked him for his kindness and attention to them during their imprisonment, and marched forth to their glory with faces radiant with joy.

On their way Mgr. Borie saluted all whom he knew. The Mandarin Bo met the procession, and commanded it to halt.

"Are you not afraid of death now?" he asked of the holy missionary.

"Am I a rebel or a criminal, that I should fear? I fear only God. To-day I am to die, to-morrow it will be another's turn."

"What insolence!" said the mandarin, with an oath; "let them be beaten."

The soldiers did not obey this order; but the martyr sent to the mandarin, to beg his pardon if his answer had given him offence.

When they came to the place of execution, the three martyrs knelt down and prayed towards Europe. After their prayer, the irons which connected the two parts of their canques were broken. Father Diem and Father Khoa were stretched out face downwards to be strangled; Mgr. Borie was put into a sitting posture to be beheaded. The cymbals then sounded, and at the third blow the executioners began to do their duty. The two native priests were soon despatched; but the agony of the European missionary was frightfully prolonged. The executioner was in a state of partial intoxication, and scarcely know what he was doing. His first gash fell upon the martyr's ear, and went down to his jaw-bone; the second stroke hit on his shoulder, and glanced up on to his neck; the third was better directed, but still the head was only half-separated from the trunk. Even the cruel Mandarin Bo shrunk back in horror at the sight. The executioner took seven strokes to finish the work, and all the time the holy martyr gave not one cry of impatience or pain. The man received fifty blows for his unskilful performance. The martyrdom took place on the 2d Dec. 1838.

After the execution, Christians and pagans altogether made a rush to obtain the relics of the martyrs, and disputed for the possession of the holy treasures. Strange to say, all attempts at exhuming the bodies were for a long time rendered fruitless by the exceed-

ing reverence paid to them by the pagans themselves, who regarded the confessors as tutelary divinities, and were accustomed to burn paper in their honour, and render them other marks of respect, according to the rites of their superstitious worship. But at length, after more than a year, M. Masson, Missionary-Apostolic, obtained permission to take away the holy remains. They were found perfectly sweet and uncorrupted, notwithstanding the damp and unfavourable condition of the tombs. They were received by a number of native and European clergy, and a solemn funeral service was said for their souls.

IV. JEAN-BAPTISTE VACHAL.

MARTYRED IN CHINA, APRIL 12, 1851.

After four years' labour in the sacred ministry in France, M. Jean-Baptiste Vachal left his native country to embrace the yet more arduous life of a missionary in China. In Siam, where he was first established, he contracted a disease, from which he never fully recovered, known in the country as the wood fever. To save his life, he was compelled to seek change of air. With a shattered constitution he reached the north-east of Yan-nan in 1846, and in 1849 he took up his residence in the suburbs of the capital of that province.

He had long desired to penetrate farther into the interior—into those vast countries which border on Tong-king; and in September of that year, with the authority of Mgr. the Bishop of Philomelia, he set off on that expedition. At Mong-tse-kien he found some old neophytes who had almost lost all idea of their religion. At a large town called Kay-howa-fou M. Vachal, not wishing to lodge at an inn, took up his abode in a pagoda, where he found and made acquaintance with a painter of idols, and converted him. The new convert deserted his idols, and took the European

missionary and his catechist, Sen-san-te, to his own village, the name of which was Chhe-Nghai-Io. Here the catechist preached morning and evening to great crowds, who flocked from all the country round: the people listened with the most intense interest, and received the truths of our most holy religion with wonderful facility. So great was the success that attended their efforts, that in a short time the missionary and his catechist erected a small chapel for the infant Christendom.

But the day of trial was at hand. Two of the chief people of the village informed against the new teachers. They were described as endowed with such wonderful powers, that they could disappear under the earth when they chose. A mandarin visited the village to inquire into the matter. M. Vachal, the catechist, and four of the converts, went forth to meet him. He received them graciously, to disarm their suspicions and induce them to follow him quietly to the neighbouring town, where the missionary had first met the painter. The priest and the catechist did so, and were immediately brought before a tribunal. M. Vachal was ordered to kneel, and he refused, alleging the contrary customs of his own country; he was then bastinadoed, and received forty-eight blows.

The tyrant then turned to Sen-san-te, the catechist, and asked him if he, being a Chinese, was not ashamed to be seen following a European?

"And how is it," he replied, "that you, who are a Chinese yourself, have become a mandarin to a Tartar emperor?"

The retort was more powerful than judicious; and as it contained too much truth to admit of argument, the unfortunate catechist received the severer beating. From that time forward the prisoners never appeared together at the tribunal, and occupied different cells. This examination took place on the 17th January, 1851.

On the 8th, the mandarin put up the following placard in the town:

“A man, who calls himself falsely a European, has come into this country to preach the detestable religion of the ‘Master of Heaven.’ I, your mandarin, and a native of Canton, am perfectly acquainted with this foreign religion. It is an abominable doctrine; the people of this sect do not believe in any spirit, and they snatch out the eyes of the dying, and commit many other crimes. Therefore I most severely prohibit that religion. I will punish with the utmost rigour whoever shall be detected practising it, and I will set my officers to spy out every where those who are guilty of doing so. Every one who follows the religion of the Master of Heaven shall be punished without mercy.”

On the 14th, this mandarin departed for the capital to learn the emperor’s pleasure. In his absence, the prisoner had not much to suffer from the Chinese; but his old complaint returned, and a Christian, who obtained access to his cell in disguise, found him in a very feeble state. In about three weeks the mandarin returned, and immediately gave orders that no food whatever should be given to the European prisoner, and that he should be put in irons. For three days M. Vachal remained without taking the slightest nourishment; at the end of that time, a man about the court, moved with compassion, procured for the poor captive enough to serve for three meals. By some means or other the mandarin obtained information of this relief, and in consequence took such measures for the future as rendered it morally certain that from that time forward no food of any kind was given to M. Vachal. The exact day when this privation became total and complete is not known; but this is certain, that on the tenth day of the third moon, in the night, the blessed martyr gave up his soul to God; that is to say, on the Feast of the Compassion of the Blessed Virgin, Wednesday, 11th April, 1851. The next night the catechist also died; but his was a less painful death, as it was hastened by opium.

The holy martyr is said by some persons not to have perished wholly from want of nourishment; but

to have been subjected to a species of torture very common in that country. The poor wretch is supposed to go without food for several days, when a glass or two glasses of the very best Chinese wine is given him to drink. Scarcely has he drunk it, before, either by force or of his own accord, he is laid upon his back; and then a piece of paper, dipped in the same kind of wine, is placed over the mouth and nose of the victim. It appears that death is then instantaneous. Whether M. Vachal was subjected to this process after some days' starvation or not is not certainly known. It is said that, in his last moments, he was seen sitting up on the ground against his prison-wall with his hands joined, and from time to time raising his eyes towards heaven, but speechless from exhaustion. But of what occurred in that cell during the days of his torture nothing has positively transpired. Nothing is certain except that he died on the 11th April of starvation, and that on the 12th he was buried.

The report of the death of this noble athlete of Jesus Christ was spread abroad even before the catechist had breathed his last. A Christian in the town, to test the truth of the rumour, set himself early in the morning at the gate of the prison, to watch whether any corpses were brought out. Towards nine o'clock, he saw issue two coffins of a disproportionate length. The first, which contained the body of M. Vachal, was far the longest, as he had been in life extraordinarily tall. The second coffin, in which had been placed the body of the catechist, was partially open. Towards the head the boards were loose, and the Christian distinctly recognised Sen-san-te, frightfully emaciated. The mandarin, to destroy every vestige of his crime, had all the effects of M. Vachal burned on the very spot of his interment, with the exception of his chalice and a little money which he had.

V. PHILIP MINK.

MARTYRED IN COCHIN CHINA, JULY 3, 1853.

The previous martyrdoms which we have related have been those of European missionaries; but there are not wanting glorious examples of the courage and devotion with which the Christian faith inspires even native priests and catechists. We have already seen how bravely two Anamite priests suffered with Mgr. Borie, and the catechist Sen-san-te with M. Vachal. It is a greater miracle of grace when a Chinese continues firm in the faith in the face of a bloody death, on account of his natural pusillanimity. We shall conclude this sketch of the Chinese missions and martyrs in China with the following account of the death of Philip Mink, a native priest of great eminence and sanctity, who suffered so lately as July 1853.

Philip Mink was a native of Cochin China, born of Christian parents, and early instructed in the faith. He was first brought up in the diocesan seminary, but afterwards transferred to the general college at Penang. Here he completed his theological studies with distinction. In 1846 he was ordained priest; and the duties of his vocation he discharged so laboriously, and with so much zeal and ability, that the superior of the mission was induced to confer upon him the power of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. By this privilege he was exposed to the greater danger from his pagan countrymen, on account of the additional publicity given to his name, and the necessity of travelling about from place to place.

In Jan. 1853 he was called to Mâe Bâe to administer Confirmation to a large number of candidates, and on his arrival he was denounced to the authorities as an apostle of the Christian religion. On Saturday, the 5th Feb., a detachment of soldiers arrived about six in the evening, and invested the house where he had been

lodged. Escape being impossible, he made his host open the doors, and he was immediately seized and carried off by the soldiers. The house was pillaged of every thing, and the plunder divided among the robbers; except the ornaments of the altar and the images, which were saved to be produced as evidence at the trial. The troops then proceeded to arrest the notables of the village, who were also the chief men in the Christendom; and having secured their prisoners, they proceeded to the court-house.

Father Philip was soon brought up before the mandarin, who offered to release him upon condition of his trampling under foot the Cross, which was placed for that purpose below his feet. On seeing the easy terms on which he could escape a horrible death, the holy priest says he felt a sensation of fear lest he should be induced, in a moment of weakness, to deny his Saviour. He therefore invoked the assistance of God, and replied to the judge: "I cannot obey you; my religion forbids it. This image I have hitherto revered, and can I now trample it under my feet? God forbid!" Upon this the judge ordered the officers to compel him by force to tread upon the sacred symbol. But the courageous confessor resisted: and surely he had other strength than his own infused into his limbs; for the executioners were unable to force him upon the crucifix, and at length they desisted from their attempt. The court then pronounced the sentence. By an edict, promulgated at the commencement of the reign of Tu-Duc, the native priest could only be condemned to perpetual exile. Father Mink was accordingly sentenced to be banished under irons to the province of Tongking. The six Christians who were arrested with him, were beaten with the rattan, and then released. The sentence upon Father Mink was forwarded to the emperor for his sanction, and the prisoner was meanwhile kept in confinement. It was not till July that the answer arrived. The sentence of banishment was changed into a death-warrant. A later edict had been put forth, al-

though never enforced, that native and European priests were to be punished alike; upon the strength of this proclamation, Philip Mink was condemned to be beheaded.

When the holy martyr heard that his life was required of him by the Saviour he had served, he fell upon his knees to implore the Divine grace, and offer himself as a sacrifice to God. On being asked where he would be interred, he replied that he had a more important subject to occupy his attention; and he continued his prayer. When the soldiers entered his cell, he rose with his rosary in his hand, and invoking the aid and intercession of Mary, walked to the place of execution with a firm step and a courageous heart. Several times on his way he threw himself on his knees in prayer; and when he arrived at the appointed spot he again asked permission of the executioners to pray. With an unwonted charity they allowed him a few minutes, and he knelt down by himself. At length he gave a sign to the executioners that he was ready, and his head was immediately severed from his body. Scarcely was the sacrifice accomplished than the pagans themselves, moved by some irresistible impulse, exclaimed, "The holy priest has ascended to heaven."

This martyrdom, be it remembered, took place no longer ago than the 3d July, 1853. And even while we are writing there may be others awaiting in prison the day of suffering, or actually undergoing the pagan's sentence. For the arrest of Philip Mink was the signal for renewed hostilities against the Christians; the emperor awarded to each of the informers against him a large gift of money, and this has stimulated the ardour of the heathen. There was, moreover, an apostate Christian acquainted with all the priests of the mission, and from his treachery every evil was to be anticipated. Surely the day is coming when this blood, so freely shed, shall produce its fruit; surely all the centuries of labour, all the miracles of Divine love that have been performed in the midst of a pagan world,

all the graces which have been showered so abundantly on the East,—must at length result in the conversion of the people and the exaltation of the Cross; surely the Church will one day reap the harvest she has sown. May God hasten the time!



XII

FATHER THOMAS OF JESUS.



HERE is scarcely a more melancholy or a more romantic page of history, than that which records the tale of King Sebastian's expedition into Africa in the year 1578. Had the enterprise been successful, it would perhaps have placed its leader among the foremost ranks of Christian heroes; and the poetry of Portugal might have immortalised him as the founder of his country's glory, instead of, as now, connecting his name with the story of her ruin and disgrace. And surely, when the brilliant armament set sail that was intended to attack the Moors on their own soil, each vessel crowded with the flower of a young and chivalrous nobility, who were led by a king whose boyish ardour (for he was but twenty-three) urged him to this daring undertaking "that he might do somewhat for God and Portugal," the doubting hearts of his sage councillors, who were unanimous in dissuading him from the attempt, might well have been roused to something of his own high enthusiasm, as they saw the martial preparations of the Christian leaders, mingled with something of that religious character which betokened that the war was undertaken in defence of the Cross. Sebastian himself was not unworthy, in many ways, to be the chief of such an expedition. He was a warm, perhaps an extravagant admirer of those days of chivalrous glory, which he rashly attempted to bring back when their time was past in Europe; his personal character, rash and headstrong as it was, had yet a generosity and frankness in it which endeared him to all who knew him. Even such men as Bartholomew of the Martyrs were forced to acknowledge the charm of the young king

over their affections; and it was probably the very power and success of his influence, winning the hearts of men against their judgment, that proved his ruin, by enabling him to overcome the opposition of his advisers to the war which was to cost him his kingdom and his life.

We are not, however, about to enter into the details of the campaign, terminated as it was by a single battle, so bloody and terrible, that it is said but fifty Portuguese survived the disastrous day; whilst the fate of Sebastian himself was sunk in an obscurity which long kept alive among his subjects the hope that they should see him return, and gave rise to similar legends concerning him as have been associated with the names of Roderic of the Goths and our own Arthur. Our present interest with the gallant and unfortunate crews of those gay vessels, so proudly riding over the Atlantic in all the pomp and glitter of warlike display in the sixteenth century, is confined to one man, perhaps the least thought of among them all. Yet, if so, it was for no want of noble birth; for the Counts of Andrada belonged to one of the most illustrious houses of Portugal. But the knightly renown which had formed the most distinguished inheritance of his ancestors was little regarded by him of whom we speak, and who had joined the company of the army from a very different motive from any which stirred in the hearts of the hot-blooded combatants. Mixing with the gay nobles and soldiery, in the coarse habit of the Austin Hermits, Father Thomas of Jesus thought but little of the worldly honours he had renounced, when fifteen years of age, to embrace his present life; his business among them was, as he said, to nurse the sick and tend the wounded. But this did but conceal another design, which lay at the bottom of his heart, and which some may think to have rivalled that of the king in romance and Quixotism. The Christian slaves who were groaning out their lives in the Moorish dungeons were often subjected to such hard and terrible sufferings, that many were induced to renounce their faith, and purchase an easier life at the

price of conformity to Mahometan unbelief. Father Thomas had formed the resolution to join them, since he could not release them; that, sharing in their sufferings, he might strengthen them in the faith, and preserve them from the terrible danger of apostasy. He was therefore in the army of Sebastian, to whom he was singularly dear, with the fixed determination in his soul to be taken captive, and voluntarily to embrace that life whose terrors were best attested by the long succession of military orders founded for the express purpose of its relief. Nevertheless, during the time of his presence with the army, he was not idle; but devoted himself, and successfully, to the prevention of disorders, whilst his daily occupation was found among the sick. In the fatal engagement which destroyed all the hopes of the unhappy monarch, Father Thomas might be seen exposed to the hottest of the fire, assisting the fallen, and encouraging the soldiers to valour in the cause of the Cross. While doing so, an arrow struck him in the shoulder; and being seized by the enemy, he was carried away with a crowd of other prisoners, and soon after sold to a marabout, or what we might call a Mahometan monk or religious. This man was a fanatic in his own religion, and at first treated his prisoner with indulgence, in the hopes to win him by gentle means to the abjuration of his faith; but the scorn with which Father Thomas treated all such overtures so enraged him, that he condemned him to the treatment bestowed on the lowest slaves, and threw him into a horrible dungeon, where he daily received most cruel beatings, was almost starved, and was dragged during the hottest of the day to labour in the mines. In this miserable manner he continued to live, consoling himself in his sufferings by continual contemplation of those of his Lord.

It may perhaps have occurred to some of our readers to feel at times that curiosity concerning what we may call the romance of literature, which prompts one to wish one could, as it were, see the composition of some of those great works that are destined for immortality.

How were such books written? and what were the outward accidents that perhaps inspired some of the happiest strokes of genius? There was surely some sylvan solitude that inspired Spenser with the idea of that forest hermitage he has painted more like an artist than a poet; some night of special loveliness, that put the sleeping moonlight into Shakspeare's head; and the knowledge of deep sorrowfulness, that taught another poet how to tell us of those sad eyes "whose lids were filled with unshed tears." Chance has given us some pictures of the thought-maker at his work,—such as that of Dante on his stone-seat at Sienna, lost in profound contemplation of the unseen world from the hour of noon to vesper—sitting there so rapt and riveted in thought, that a gay wedding-procession swept by him unheeded and unperceived; or the blind Milton dictating to his daughter; or, again—how different from either!—the angel of the schools, at the foot of the crucifix, writing of the nature of God and of the angels, yet so mindful of the obligations of his religious state all the while, that you might see him committing those sublime speculations to the backs of letters and torn scraps of paper, that he might not offend the law of poverty.

Another of these pictures we have in the case of Father Thomas. If we look into his dungeon, we may see the making of a book, which, though it has no claim to rank its author among those whom we have named, has at least a world-wide reputation in its own way, and has found a home in almost every language. Chained to his damp cold floor, with the walls and roof of his prison so low and narrow that he can neither stand upright nor lie at full length, the prisoner of Christ writes by the light of a single ray of sunshine that finds its way through the breathing-hole in the wall above his head. And what is his subject? If he were a poet, he would be writing of his own sufferings, thinly veiled, it may be, under the imaginary sufferings of another; but he is nothing but a friar and a Christian, and his words are of the "Sufferings of Christ." It is a remarkable

feature of this well-known work, that, from the first page to the last, there is not a word of the author himself. He never tells you that he is suffering; one knows it only by the intensity of that sympathy which has taught him the depths of the sorrows of His Lord. He had learnt in religion the sublime lesson of self-forgetfulness while absorbed in the contemplation of God; and it is only when reading the chapter wherein he so touchingly describes the awful night when the world's Redeemer was lying in the Jewish dungeon, watching for the first dawn of that day which should announce to Him that the hour of His last victory was at hand, and where he paints with so lifelike a tenderness the bitterness that filled that Heart which man had abandoned, and from which even God had, as it were, hidden His face, that we remember that the writer was himself stricken of God, and forsaken of all men,—a prisoner, and in chains, suffering stripes, and spitting, and reproach,—and that he had but to draw from the shame and the suffering that made up his daily life when he wanted the materials for the sublime picture with which he has presented us. And yet none of these things did he seem to count as sufferings. For days they left him without food; and when nature was sinking under exhaustion, his brutal persecutors would order him to the mines; and yielding them as gentle and willing an obedience as though in his beloved Convent of "Our Lady of Grace," he would drag his manacled limbs to his weary work, and answer their blows and reproaches with a sweet and happy smile. But if the torture of the body had no power to disturb the peace and tranquillity of his soul, the apostasies and sufferings of his fellow-captives often moved his heart to anguish, whilst he had little or no opportunity of encouraging them by his presence and support. At length the arrival in Morocco of Don Francesco d'Acosta, the ambassador whom the king had sent to negotiate the ransom of some of the Portuguese captives, effected some change in his position. He was removed to Morocco, and placed with a

Christian merchant,—nay, he might even have remained with some of the Portuguese nobility who were awaiting their ransom, and who were treated with a certain indulgence and respect; but nothing was further from the thoughts of Father Thomas than a life of ease, or the hopes of liberty.

“Your excellency,” he said to Don Francesco, “has, I know, a kind intention; but so long as I am here, my health will never mend.”

“You are thinking of the orange-groves and gardens of our own Portugal,” replied the ambassador. “Take courage, good father: in a few weeks, if God will, the ransoms will arrive, and you shall get back health and strength in the cloisters of our Lady of Grace.”

Thomas smiled gently. “I believe it will not be there God will restore my strength,” he said; “my resting-place and hospital is nearer at hand; and if your excellency’s influence is powerful enough to obtain me that favour, I might remove there even now.”

“And where is that?” asked D’Acosta. “I know of no house where you have a better chance of rest and kind nursing than that where you now are: there are not many hospitals for Christian slaves in the town of Morocco.”

“But there are prisons,” replied Thomas; “and it is the Sagena that I am thinking of, and where, I pray you, if you wish me kindly, to have me speedily conveyed.”

“The Sagena!” exclaimed the ambassador, with amazement; “why, it is the worst of all the wretched holes which these dogs of infidels have invented for our unhappy brethren. Its very air is pestilence; and it must surely be as a quick road to heaven that your reverence can think of such a resting-place; or, perhaps, it was indeed the grave you spoke of as your hospital-bed.”

“Not so, my lord,” answered Thomas; “for it would ill beseem one of my habit either to fear death or to court it, apart from the will of God. A religious

man, indeed, can never be in love with life, or afraid of dying; but still he lives or dies of obedience, and not of self-will. I spoke but what I meant when I said that in the Sagena only shall I be restored to health. Your easy homes and gentle treatment will but quicken my disease; for I am not sent for this, but for a work which abides no delay."

In vain did D'Acosta try every argument to dissuade him from the design on which he had set his heart. Nothing availed to turn him from his purpose; and in a short time he was removed to the Sagena, where, wholly employed in the service of his unfortunate companions, he did indeed, as he had foretold, rapidly recover strength, in the midst of privations and sufferings hardly to be described.

When we remember the horrible state in which even the Christian prisons of Europe were to be found only at the early part of the last century, and then remind ourselves that the dungeons of the Sagena were expressly arranged for the torment and prolonged agony of the unhappy victims of Moorish cruelty and superstition, we may picture to ourselves something of that suffering, voluntarily and cheerfully embraced by this heroic man, only that he might bring comfort and encouragement to his companions. He had no small difficulties to encounter in his efforts to be of any use to them; for, taken from all classes, the Christian slaves were for the most part men of rude and licentious habits, and the Sagena too often presented scenes of a worse character than simple suffering.

Abandoned to despair, some took refuge in the miserable pleasure which was to be found in petty gambling, or the forgetfulness of intoxication. Others were sunk in a gloomy lethargy, from which it was hard to rouse them; and many, unable to endure the burden of this life, had openly apostatised from the faith, and were living in ease and comfort under the turban of the renegade. It was not in the Sagena, where they were watched by a thousand jealous eyes,

that Thomas was able to find an opportunity of addressing them. To do this he had to seize the intervals of their work, either in the mines or in the fields; and little by little he so far gained their confidence, as to induce them to assemble every day during the scanty moments allowed for rest in the middle of the day, when the burning rays of the African sun rendered work impossible even for a slave. He summoned them to him by the ringing of a little bell, and they never failed to come. At first he spoke to them only of their suffering; but gradually winning them by the expression of a sympathy to which they had long been strangers, he was able to get them to listen to him whilst he exhorted them to resignation and a firm faith, and called on them, if they were indeed willing to suffer for the Cross of Christ, to come and kiss the sacred symbol, which he displayed before their eyes. What a sight was that! Ten or twenty years had passed over the heads of many since last their eyes had rested on the crucifix: what recollections of their Christian homes, and the churches and cities, the olive hills and convent-bells of Spain; what thoughts of a lost innocence, and of the days when, with the sinless hearts of children, they learnt the name of Jesus from a mother's lips! Thomas had gained his first victory over their hearts, when he found and opened within them the source of tears; and he no longer hesitated to use his power for their reform as well as for their consolation. Before long the horrible dungeons of the Sagena presented a totally different character; the time was regularly divided for different exercises, marked by the sound of the little bell, which called the inmates to prayers, instruction, or various employments with which he induced them to supply the place of the low amusements that had formerly been their only occupation and resource. The prison assumed the air of a religious house; and Father Thomas, presiding over every department, preventing every disorder, and reconciling every difference, became the father of all; and was accustomed to beg

about among those who were a little better provided than the others, in order that, with the trifling alms he was able to collect, he might relieve the sufferings of the sick or more indigent among them. In short, he had found his vocation, and the Sagena had found its apostle: the desolate wilderness of that shocking prison began to blossom like the rose; and as the flowers of faith and hope revived among its inmates, the fruits also of charity ripened in their time. Four years thus passed away, the Sagena was becoming evangelised, and many among the Christian renegades had been recalled from their apostasy, and even suffered martyrdom for the faith; but meanwhile, the captivity of Father Thomas was bitterly felt by his relations and his order. Their efforts on his behalf were unceasing; and while his sister, the Countess of Linares, strained her utmost efforts to collect the sum necessary for his ransom, King Philip II. of Spain, by means of his ambassador at Morocco, constantly treated with the authorities for his release.

One day, on returning from his daily labours among the slaves employed in the mines, he was not a little surprised to find the marabout, to whose service he was attached, waiting to receive him with a certain air of respect and consideration. "You are free," were his first words, "and may go where you list; your ransom has been offered and accepted, and so the hospitality of the Sagena need no longer be forced on you."

Father Thomas received the intelligence with a bewildered air: "Free!" he exclaimed at length; "and where am I to go?"

"By the prophet, that is a strange question for a captive," said the marabout: "I doubt not it would find a ready enough answer with others of these Christian dogs who defile our land, and who babble to us so often of their country and their homes. And if you," he added, "have forgotten yours, this letter may chance to remind you of it;" and so saying, he placed a letter in his hands. Father Thomas took it, and glanced over

its contents: it was from his sister, and written with all the warmth of an affectionate disposition; welcoming him back to his recovered freedom, and dwelling on the thought of their meeting, and the happy days once more before him. It touched on every string that could rouse his hopes and aspirations for a glorious future. There was his order, wherein he still held so distinguished a name; the favour of the king, and the celebrity won by his late labours and sufferings for the faith,—fame and friendship alike were waiting for him; and if he had, perhaps, thought himself, during the last four years, a stranded and forgotten man, the full tide of the world's fortunes was once more rolling to his feet. Yet Father Thomas turned from it with a heavy heart. "And my captive brethren," he murmured to himself; "what is to become of them! What claim has Portugal or the world on one who left his home to become a slave, and has found the thing he came for? The world does well enough without me, and I better still without the world; but in the Sagena I have children, and they have none but me."

"If you desire to answer the letter," interrupted the marabout, as Father Thomas pursued these reflections, and seemed so lost in thought as scarcely to be aware of his presence, "there is an opportunity of presently despatching a reply. An envoy departs for Europe this evening; and you may either write, or, if it suit you better, I doubt not you could accompany him; for, as I guess, your luggage is not great."

"I will write," replied Father Thomas, rousing himself from his reverie; "and I will only pray you to tell me one thing: This ransom of which you speak is certain to be paid; but it is no great matter to you what captives it redeems."

"The ransom is a large one," answered the marabout; "but the followers of Islam act not from caprice in these matters: and for such a sum as the thousand gold crowns promised by the king's ambassador they are bound to release one of your dignity, or two of

inferior rank; for the Christians, we are told, value their priests at double the price of their citizens. The thousand crowns is a priest's ransom, and you are the only priest in the Sagena: the wrath of Allah hath long since fallen on the others; the last of whom watered the sands of Morocco with his blood some seven weeks ago, giving glory to the prophet by his death, as he had blasphemed him during his life."

"I am the only priest, but not the only captive," said Father Thomas eagerly; "and what I would ask of you is this: the thousand crowns are yours; but leave it to me to send back to Europe the Christian blood purchased in exchange. You shall have the bargain whole and entire, according to your own estimate. Is it agreed?"

"As you will," said the Moor, "though I scarcely guess your meaning. We take the money, and we agree to send its worth; and there is no room for fraud or trickery, for the captives ransomed are delivered to your envoy by our own officers. Have it as you will, however; the crowns will be paid this evening into the sheriff's hands, and he will come here immediately afterwards to receive from the captain of the Sagena the slave who is to be released: you see there is no possibility of evasion, if the thought of such a thing has suggested itself."

"I have no such thought," replied Father Thomas; "let the sheriff come, and he shall find me ready. Meanwhile I will busy myself with the letter."

The marabout was gone, and the Christian captive sat down to write. If there had been a moment's struggle in his heart, there was no evidence of it on his cheek or brow; and almost without pause or hesitation he wrote the following lines:

"A thousand thanks, my sister, for your goodness in thinking of me, and for the sacrifice you have made to enable me to return to you; but that return is impossible. I am not half so desolate and badly off as you may think. I have the happiness of being the only priest in this country, and so my presence here is well-

nigh necessary for the salvation of these poor people, whom I am able to support amid the sufferings of their wretched life. I cannot therefore leave them, and shall not return to Europe. Why should I? Have I not long since renounced the ties of family and society? Were I necessary to you, I should be with you; but you know well I can be of little use to you. Remember me in your prayers, and do not cease to love me; for indeed I love and pray for you. I will, however, accept your offer of the ransom, not for myself, but for two poor Christian slaves, who are in a far more miserable position than I am, and about to abandon their faith in despair of regaining their liberty. You shall be the means of procuring it for them, and they shall owe to you the happiness of returning to their families and their God."

On the following Saturday a little group stood on the quay outside the town, apparently engaged in watching the movements of a Spanish merchantman in the harbour, busily preparing to weigh her anchor and hoist sail for the European coast. Father Thomas was in the midst, and gathered about him were several of the captives of the *Sagena*: a little boat lay waiting at the foot of the pier to receive the released prisoner; but it was not Father Thomas who descended into it.

"Farewell, my children," he said to two of those who stood by his side. "God has sent you liberty, to use for Him and for His glory. Carry back to Spain the memory of His mercies; and when you hear the welcome of your home-voices, forget not the brethren you have left behind."

A minute after, and the little boat was making its way to the vessel, bearing on board the two ransomed captives: whilst their deliverer stood where he had left them, and watched them with a beating heart. Nature made itself felt, that he might have the merit of its conquest; and when, as the sail of the merchantman grew less and less as it sunk away into the sunny horizon, beyond which lay the coast of Spain, he felt his sight dim with tears, and his heart overflowing with a yearn-

ing to follow in its homeward track: but rousing himself with a powerful effort, he turned back to the Sagema, to give comfort to those who needed it even more than himself.

The fourth year of his captivity, as it drew to its close, found his sufferings greatly increased. Not only were his own labours severer under a new master to whom he was consigned, but he had the additional affliction of seeing many ready to fall away from their faith, unable to endure the hardships of their condition; and his own more rigorous imprisonment prevented his doing all he desired in protecting and encouraging them in their danger. These combined sufferings of mind and body were too much for his strength, which rapidly gave way; and the austerities which he practised during the Lent of that year had their share in increasing the malady which devoured him. Still, not a day passed without his preaching to those whom he could collect around him; and it was during the closing scenes of his life that we are told he completed those chapters on the last sufferings of Christ which perhaps owe their sublimity to the sorrow in which they were composed.

Holy Week was at hand, and, as it seemed, the servant was to follow his Master even to the very time of his decease; for none thought he could live over Good Friday, on which day Don Francis of Acosta, the Portuguese ambassador, succeeded in gaining admittance to him. Believing him to be dying, he determined to stay with him to the last; but Father Thomas would not hear of his doing so.

"You are mistaken," he whispered, as the ambassador bent over his miserable bed; "for I shall live to see another Easter sun, and to finish the work which God has given me to do."

And indeed, contrary to all probability, he continued to survive until the Monday of the following week, when a momentary restoration of strength and energy seemed given to him. He felt it, and knew its purpose.

"Those miserable men who were about to take the

turban," he said to one of his fellow-captives who attended him,—“is it too late? call them, wherever they are; for I must see them before I die.”

“Do you speak of the Spanish renegades, father?” said his companion. “Alas, it is too late. They have not yet publicly renounced their faith, but their design is to do so this very day: all men cannot suffer as you have done.”

“They have not yet renounced their faith?” repeated Thomas; “then, I charge you, bring them here; for I have a message for them ere I go. And tarry not too long, for the time is very short.”

A few moments sufficed to bring the slaves he spoke of to his presence; and as the news spread through the Sagena that Father Thomas was dying, all the inmates hurried to his little cell, that they too might catch his last words, and receive his blessing. There he was, lying on his heap of straw; the Easter sun, of which he spoke, struggling through the narrow hole above his head on a face pale and emaciated by sickness, but beautiful with the peace that passeth knowledge, and the faith that saw far over the grave that was waiting for him. He caused them to raise him in his bed, and his eyes grew bright, and his voice firm and clear, as he spoke to the trembling renegades who stood before him.

“You will leave Jesus Christ, my children,” he said, “because you are tired of your slavery; well, listen to my words, and think if I have ever deceived you. In eight days your ransom will arrive, and you will be free; persevere till then, and cast not your souls into a worse bondage than the chain of the Moslems. And for you,” he added, turning to the others, “there is nothing but my blessing, and that is little worth the giving. Be of good heart; there is a better home than Spain waiting for us, and the ransom has long since been paid.”

They crowded round him, kneeling as he blessed them, and sobbing like children over his outstretched hands. Dark and miserable as was the dying cell, it was filled with a wonderful and solemn beauty at that

moment; and there was one looking on to whom its teaching was a revelation of faith. Leaning against the open doorway, concealed from view, the Mahometan marabout was watching the death-scene of his slave. He saw the Christian faith creating strength out of weakness, and illuminating a dungeon with the radiance of its glorious hope. As the feeble daylight gleamed over the features of Father Thomas, he could mark his upturned gaze, as though he met the welcoming look of One whose greeting was more than the greeting of a home. He saw those also who knelt around, their lips moving in prayer, their hands tracing that mystic sign which seemed to give so strange a courage and endurance to these suffering men; and the grace of God came down to give the last glory to His servant by the conversion of a soul. In another minute the marabout was kneeling with the others; and as he kissed the feet of his dying slave, he exclaimed: "My father, I too am a Christian; I can believe in no God but yours: and before the sun sets I wish to receive the baptism of faith."

The saint raised his hand and murmured a blessing—"My God, I thank Thee," were the last words he uttered, and with them he expired. It was even by his death-bed that his master received the rite of baptism; and in later years a Carmelite convent was raised over the scene of his long and glorious martyrdom of charity. His death took place on the 7th of April, 1582; and eight days after, his last prophecy was completed, and the ransom of the Spanish captives arrived as he had foretold.

The influence of Father Thomas was felt in his own order even after his death. Previous to his departure from Portugal he had laboured ineffectually to bring about a reform in the Augustinian monasteries of his own country, similar to that already attempted in Italy. His zeal for a more severe observance had resulted, however, only in exciting violent opposition, and much personal suffering to himself; and he was forced to aban-

don the undertaking even by the advice of those most disposed to favour and encourage it. Nevertheless, when, some time after his death, the plan was again started, and the reform of the Discalced Hermits of St. Austin was finally and successfully carried out, those charged with its execution could find no fitter groundwork for their design than the regulations which had been before suggested by Father Thomas, and these were accordingly adopted. To him, therefore, may in some sort be attributed, in addition to his other merits, that of being the reformer of his order.



